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The Shape of Things

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THE CURRENT PULITZER AWARDS, AS WE ARE coming to expect them to be, are in general either safely mediocre or downright bad. Two escape from this unfortunate category: Mr. Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight" is brilliant satire; Mr. Perry's "Thought and Character of William James" is sound and readable biography. The rest are pretty sad. There was a difference of critical opinion on "Honey in the Horn," the prize novel, but in a year in which James T. Farrell published "Judgment Day," not only one of the most distinguished of modern novels but the last in a trilogy equally admirable, Mr. Davis may be imagined to have received the award because the Pulitzer judges did not favor "painful" novels. Mr. Coffin, the prize poet, is at least one step ahead of last year's winner, but he is a windy writer none the less. Professor McLaughlin's "A Constitutional History of the United States," able enough in its way, represents the constitutional thinking of a past generation, and there is small question that Mr. Millis's "Road to War," also published in 1935, was more worthy of the award. Felix Morley of the Washington *Post,* who with George B. Parker of the Scripps-Howard newspapers divided the prize for the best editorial writing, is an admirable news commentator, but the *Post* is safely Republican, and its editorials at their best could never have reached the heights of public service attained in almost any week by the courageous editorial page of the New York *Post.* Our most publicized awards in literature and journalism continue to do small service to either.

*

THE VICTORY OF THE *FRONT POPULAIRE* IN the French elections was far more decisive than had generally been anticipated. The left parties as a whole scored a gain of more than 40 seats and will have a majority, if present alignments hold, of 130 in the new Chamber. The success of the Communists was particularly notable. It had been predicted that they would obtain from 40 to 50 seats as against 10 in the old Chamber; they won 72 seats and now have the third largest representation of any of the political parties. The Socialists gained 50 seats and have emerged as the largest party in the Chamber. Part of the gains made by the groups on the extreme left were obtained at the expense of the more conservative wing of the Radical Socialists, but the heaviest losses were suffered by the parties of the center. Since the right also gained at the expense of the center, we may expect a much sharper

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cleavage on fundamental policies than has hitherto been the case. The small vote obtained by the fascist-supported candidates suggests that the strength of the Croix de Feu and other fascist groups has been considerably exaggerated. This in itself may prove a danger to the left coalition since many of the more moderate Radical Socialists have supported the *Front Populaire* only out of fear of an immediate fascist uprising. Thus far, however, no sign of dissension has appeared, and the chances are that June 1, or an earlier day, will see France with a government really representative of public opinion.

*

THE BIG-NAVY BOYS ARE WINNING OUT again. With President Roosevelt's none too reluctant help they are jamming through Congress the biggest peace-time naval-appropriation bill in American history. The House has already passed the recommendation of its Naval Affairs Committee, appropriating $531,068,707 in the naval-supplies bill, and calling in addition for new airplane construction, new destroyer and submarine construction, and the starting of two new super-battleships at a cost of $51,000,000 each, if, as seems certain, another treaty power (Great Britain) does the same. In all, navy funds for the fiscal year are estimated in excess of $600,000,000. It is worth noting that the initial navy appropriation this year is as large as the combined appropriations for army and navy two years ago. It is also worth noting that the starting of construction on new battleships and airplanes means committing ourselves to expenditures far beyond the appropriations for the coming fiscal year. It means mortgaging ourselves to equally heavy if not heavier expenditures for the coming years. Of course this entire program will be rationalized as a reluctant concession on the part of a peace-loving Administration to the needs of national defense. Every militaristic program that has ever been launched has been rationalized in the same terms. It is a little difficult to take this seriously in the face of the committee's proud statement about a navy "second to none," and the evident intention of the Administration to "match any battleship construction that may be undertaken by any other of the signatory powers." The needs of national defense are one thing and can be estimated by expert study; but statements like the above can mean only an armament race.

*

THE SUPREME COURT, IN THE INTERVAL OF our suspense over the delayed Guffey coal decision, has handed down a decision which deserves more attention than it has received—the decision in the St. Joseph's Stockyards case. The court unanimously upheld the order of Secretary Wallace reducing the rates charged. But the judges divided on their reasoning. Chief Justice Hughes went out of his way to discourse on issues that might eventually be involved in other cases of this sort, but were not involved in this one. In the process he revealed, more nakedly than ever before, the intent of the court majority not to let any administrative act with which it disagrees go unchallenged. What was at stake in the issue he raised was the power of the Supreme Court to review the factual findings, as well as the procedural fairness, of an administrative agency. While Chief Justice Hughes held that the court's power extended to both, Justice Brandeis insisted that the usual rule was for the court to review only the legality of procedure, and that there was no reason for "making special exception of issues of fact bearing on a constitutional right." Four justices held with Hughes, two with Brandeis; Justice Roberts steered—very wisely—clear of the whole controversy. The immediate reflection one makes is that this may expose public-utility regulation even further to the mercies of the Supreme Court majority and the holding companies whose social vision they express. The second reflection is that it is a dangerous practice for the court to hand down *obiter dicta,* as it has been doing, and discuss contingent possibilities. But perhaps the most vital meaning of the decision is reached in the passage in which Justice Hughes serves warning that the court will not allow its power to be "circumscribed by any legislative arrangement designed to give effect to administrative action going beyond the limits of constitutional authority." This can be aimed only at the bills now in Congress to curb the court's power.

*

GRADUALLY THE WAY IS BEING CLEARED FOR a campaign to organize industrial labor which will, within a very few years, shift the whole emphasis of political and social development in this country. By the time this comment is in print, the convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers in session at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, will have decided whether or not to accept the offer of the Committee for Industrial Organization to contribute $500,000 to an organizing campaign—an offer made with the proviso that the C. I. O. shall have a great deal to say about how and by whom that campaign is conducted. It seems inevitable that the offer will be accepted. But even if William Green and Mike Tighe succeed, by some unforeseen move, in holding back the tide, it will not be for long. The will to organize steel is too strong not only in the industry itself but among the other industries represented in the C. I. O., which realizes that steel is the key to a mighty labor movement. Meanwhile a charter with full autonomy has been granted by the American Federation of Labor to the International Union of United Automobile Workers. The proceedings of its recent convention at South Bend are discussed on another page of this issue. All along the line the obstacles to a unified advance are being pushed aside. For the unorganized millions of workers, as well as for those who welcome the advent of a great revivifying force in American life, there are stirring days ahead.

*

DEFENDERS OF FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF the press have recently been turning up in the oddest places. The latest is the New York County Americanism Committee of the American Legion, whose sponsorship of a booklet called "Americanism—What Is It?" has aroused no mean tempest in Legion circles. Presenting a

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...e exposition of the American ... be the American attitude—on ... the author of the booklet, Cyrus Leroy ... had unqualified support from his own dis... opposition from other members of the ... What his critics like least of all is the statement of ... Baldridge's opinion that freedom of speech means, *ipso facto,* freedom for all. "Some . . . ideas may be new to us," he says. "Some may seem dangerous. Nevertheless, believing in freedom of speech for others as well as for ourselves, we must not attempt to abuse or silence them." This won't do at all for the Legion conservatives who believe that free speech may be allowed to exist "only up to the point where it is used by any person or group to promote the overthrow by force of the government." When, in their judgment, that point is reached, in goes the gag.

*

AFTER HARDLY MORE THAN A FEW MOMENTS of serious thinking, the new Republican Brain Trust has discovered a Scheme for Saving the Country. A year ago Thomas Nixon Carver, professor emeritus of political economy at Harvard, put out a booklet entitled "What Must We Do to Save Our Economic System?" He began with a tribute to Mussolini and Hitler, who are helping to fight off "the hungry hordes of the East," meaning Russia, and proceeded to proposals for "drastic curtailment of unemployment relief," "sterilization of the palpably unfit," "exclusion of all immigrants in order to reduce the labor supply," and organization of the well-to-do and propertied classes to put over this program. Professor Carver reached really lyric heights, however, when he suggested "limitation of marriage to those who can afford an automobile." This is pretty nearly the last word on How to Save Our Economic System from the Hungry Hordes. There is, however, another word to be said, and another man has already said it. His name was Jonathan Swift; he, too, wrote a booklet. It was entitled "A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People from Being a Burden to Their Parents or the Country." Dean Swift's proposal was that, since the poor have too many children and too little to eat, the children should be fattened, slaughtered, and eaten. With all due respect to the Republican Party and professors emeriti in general, we rather think that the Swift proposal is neater.

*

THE MOST STRIKING PARADOX IN THE LIFE and character of A. E. Housman was not the fact that his great fame rested solely upon two small volumes published twenty-six years apart. Neither was it that a poet whose verse is almost as simply emotional as Burns's should have been personally even more reserved than the usual Englishman of his class. The real paradox is that a professor of Latin whose whole temperament was fastidious and aloof should have been the only English or American poet of his generation—except possibly Kipling—whose work was read and admired not only by habitual readers of poetry but also by persons to whom nearly all verse is alien. One could count on the fingers of one hand the names of great poets who have written poems, like Gray's "Elegy" or Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat," which appeal even to the unpoetical, but Housman composed half a dozen such. No one could have been further removed than he from the intellectualizing tradition of modern poetry. His only extended commentary on his own craft, the lecture called "On the Name and Nature of Poetry," was an amiable defense of precisely the sort of romantic aesthetic most infuriating to many contemporary poets. Much of his verse was so far from timely that both the subjects and the attitudes were those which might have appealed as much to the contemporaries of Horace as they did to him. Yet when he died on May 1 at the age of seventy-seven there was not another serious poet writing in English who was known to so large an audience.

Ethiopia's Collapse and Europe's Peril

HAILE SELASSIE'S precipitate flight has come as a rude shock to the millions of people throughout the world who had been hoping against hope that Ethiopia would be able to hold out until sanctions had blunted the edge of Mussolini's zeal for conquest. Although no one really expected the ill-equipped Ethiopian troops to stand up against poison gas, heavy artillery, tanks, aerial bombings, and the overwhelming force which Italy put into the field, it was generally believed that the Emperor could carry on an effective guerrilla campaign long after the chief cities had been captured. It is not impossible that such resistance may yet develop, but the Emperor's flight removes all hope of opposition from an organized Ethiopian government.

This leaves Geneva very much out on a limb. Nationalists the world over will seize upon Mussolini's victory as an indication of the final collapse of the League. It will be said that the principles of collective security have been tried and found wanting. Critics will point out with a considerable measure of justice that none of the great powers, with the exception of the Soviet Union, have shown any sign of subordinating their immediate national interests to the long-range objective of preserving world peace. France must be held particularly responsible for undermining the effect of collective action. While it voted for the mild sanctions that were imposed last fall and has carried them out faithfully, it has repeatedly blocked consideration of an embargo on coal, oil, and steel, which would have seriously crippled if not terminated Mussolini's African campaign. But England must also bear an important share of the blame. The contrast between Britain's passionate denunciation of Italian imperialism and its previous indifference to the Japanese invasion of Manchuria created more than a suspicion that its new-found enthusiasm for collective security was not wholly sincere. This suspicion was reinforced by its unilateral action in sending its fleet to the Mediterranean, by its rearmament program, by the ill-fated Hoare-Laval proposals, and finally by its refusal to support collective action in the face of Hitler's insolent

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breach of treaties. Nor can the United States escape all responsibility. While it is impossible to say what might have happened had this country been prepared to support the League's proposed oil embargo, our inability to cooperate was unquestionably an important factor in preventing the imposition of this sanction last December.

But is it accurate to say that the League has failed merely because Ethiopian resistance has been shattered? Few persons thought six or eight months ago that the imposition of the mild penalties now in force would prevent Mussolini from overrunning the African kingdom. Sanctions can prevent war only if the potential aggressor knows in advance that penalties of such a stringent nature will be imposed that it cannot hope to enjoy the fruits of its aggression. Such a situation obviously did not exist last October. With the Manchurian affair as a criterion, Mussolini did not expect the League to adopt strenuous measures. The war had been going on several weeks before sanctions were actually imposed. By that time no one really believed that it was possible to save Ethiopia from invasion and conquest. In fact few persons were really deeply concerned about Ethiopia. Attention was centered rather upon the task of shaping a weapon for preventing Nazi aggression. To achieve this, it was not so necessary to stop Mussolini immediately as to show the world that a nation could not resort to unwarranted aggression with impunity and that it could not hope to gain from its aggression.

This being the case, the real test of sanctions obviously could not come until after Mussolini's victory in Ethiopia. The fact that Italy has triumphed more quickly than was anticipated does not alter the situation. It is too late to prevent the Italian armies from taking over an ancient empire that never before had felt the conqueror's heel, but it is still possible to save the League and establish a precedent which will make potential aggressors hesitate before plunging the world into war.

The issues confronting the Council at its regular meeting on May 11 are clear-cut. The League can admit defeat and follow the course which it adopted after the invasion of Manchuria: that is, prepare a stinging resolution rebuking the aggressor, refuse to recognize Italian sovereignty over Ethiopian territory, and appoint a committee to recommend further action. No one would suggest that this procedure has been effective in checking Japan, nor does it offer hope of dissuading nations from resorting to war to promote their national interests. With Germany poised for a blow against Austria or Memel, any weakness on the part of the League would be an invitation for Nazi aggression. The alternative is to maintain or strengthen sanctions, not only as a warning to Hitler, but as a means of preserving the League for more difficult trials to come.

Admittedly this will be a difficult task. The prestige of the League is once more at ebb tide. Eden appears to have given up the unequal struggle against the reactionary elements in his party, and cannot be counted on to furnish the dynamic leadership which is needed in the present crisis. The new Chamber of Deputies in France, on the other hand, should be far more interested in preserving the League than the one that it supersedes. Laval's commitments to Mussolini will mean little to the Front Populaire. And though the present British [illegible] able to pursue a consistent policy towa[illegible] ity, it may be argued that the very existence [illegible] Empire depends on preserving the League. This only because Britain is one of the chief beneficiaries of the status quo and would suffer heavily if it were disturbed, but because the British Empire can only exist in a world in which effective international organization is possible. As was pointed out in a recent issue of the *Economist,* the choice before the empire is between a common League policy and a parting of company in which each unit—Britain, Canada, Australia, and the Irish Free State —would follow its own national interests. Thus if British public opinion is sufficiently quick to recognize where the true interests of empire lie, there is reason to hope that the League may yet be saved from oblivion.

Our New Prosperity

FINANCIAL writers throughout the country have been busily engaged during the past two weeks explaining why the recent stock-market crash is unlikely to usher in a depression comparable to that of 1929. If on the whole their arguments have been inconclusive, it does not necessarily follow that another crisis is already on the way. For despite the action of the stock market, there is abundant evidence that the United States is in the midst of an upsurge of business such as the country has not seen since 1929. The steel industry has been operating at a higher rate in the last few weeks than at any time for six years. If the present rate of activity were maintained throughout the year, steel-ingot production would reach 50,000,000 tons, or approximately the amount turned out in 1928. Retail automobile and truck sales in April were close to the 1929 level. General Motors, the largest unit in the industry, sold more cars in the first quarter of this year than in any similar period in its history.

While the present boom has not equally affected all industries, business improvement has been more widespread than at any time since 1929. Industrial production has been running at about 96 per cent of the 1923-25 average. Cash farm income for the first three months of 1936 was approximately 7 per cent higher than in the same period of 1935. Consumers' purchasing power as revealed by department stores' sales has increased by 9 per cent. And though the building industry as a whole remains seriously depressed, residential construction is up 75 per cent from last year.

Three years of more or less steady recovery having passed, speculation naturally turns to the proximity of the next collapse. Even apologists for the New Deal cannot fail to observe elements of weakness in the present situation. It is difficult to believe in the stability of near-boom production when employment is only 85 and pay rolls are less than 75 per cent of normal. Even in March, when production was nearly at its seasonal peak, the A. F. of L. estimated that there were nearly 12,200,000 unemployed. Factory pay rolls are running about 5 per cent above last year, but real wages in the manufacturing and

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non-manufacturing industries are only about 3 per cent over the 1932 average and nearly 15 per cent below 1929.

Nevertheless, viewing the situation as a whole one cannot fail to be impressed by the strength of the short-term factors working for further recovery. Consumer purchasing power is certain to be stimulated by the payment of the two-billion-dollar soldiers' bonus. Government expenditures show no sign of an early decline; in fact, the PWA is just beginning to be effective as an agency of recovery. The two most retarded sectors of our national economy—the steel and building industries—are beginning to stir. Most important of all, the primary motive-force of recovery—the prospect of profits—is daily becoming more effective. Last year, for the first time since the depression, all the leading industrial groups with the exception of the railways reported a profit. The total net earnings of the 909 large business enterprises included in the report of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York rose 44 per cent over 1934 and were 11 times as large as in 1932. A preliminary estimate covering 101 corporations shows an additional gain of 38 per cent in the first quarter of 1936.

The fact that the prospects for earnings are better than at any time in the past six years is especially significant in view of the existence of surplus member-bank reserves aggregating $2,700,000,000—enough to permit a credit expansion of $27,000,000,000. Until recently there has been little tendency to make use of this tremendous reservoir of potential purchasing power. In April, however, the banks of New York City reported that loans and investments had increased to a greater extent than in any other comparable period except during a short interval in the fall of 1929. Moreover, in contrast to the recent pattern, only about 15 per cent of the expansion in total loans and investments throughout the country may be accounted for by increased holdings of government securities. Thus we are apparently obtaining at long last that new investment upon which continued business expansion depends. With interest rates at the lowest point in history, there is every reason to believe that this expansion should continue.

Judged by almost any criterion, however, the present status of business is far more unstable than that of the early days of the 1929 boom. With 12,000,000 unemployed and over 20,000,000 on relief, consumer purchasing power is pegged at a subnormal level. The huge reserves accumulated under the Social Security Act may be counted on to diminish buying power still further. The rapid rise of profits will only accentuate that disproportion in the distribution of income which the Brookings Institution found to lie at the root of the last depression. An increase in surplus capital is bound to be far more serious than in 1929 because of the disappearance of foreign lending. Experience has shown that some artificial stimulus is necessary to keep the wheels of industry moving. Thus far the discrepancy between the aggregate income of the working class and the price of their product which is at the basis of our difficulty has been offset by government spending. Let that spending stop, as it ultimately must if the federal government is to maintain solvency, and the country will face a graver crisis than that of 1929.

A Democratic Landslide

THE astonishing Roosevelt vote in Massachusetts and the still more impressive turning out of 1,300,000 Democratic voters in Illinois, where there was also no contest in the primary, is merely another proof of the extraordinary way the President has been coming back into popular favor. The pro-Administration tide is running so strongly that the Republicans themselves privately admit the hopelessness of their cause. A prominent Midwestern Republican states that after two weeks in Washington and New York he has yet to find a Republican who believes that his party has a fighting chance. When asked if the leaders he had talked with all laid this to the so-called "buying" of the election by the great relief funds, the AAA payments, and so on, he replied, "Not at all." They admitted, he said, that it was primarily due to the split in the Republican Party, the absence of any alternative platform, the continuing improvement in business conditions under Roosevelt, the lack of a strong candidate, and the President's own popularity and extraordinary political skill. A newspaper writer in Washington who hates Mr. Roosevelt and all his works admitted recently that he thought Farley was right in his predictions of a greater Roosevelt success than in 1932. What is even more surprising is that one of the prominent business men of Chicago, on arriving in New York the other day, declared that the feeling among the business men and bankers in Chicago had suddenly become much more favorable to the President. Little has happened in the last three or four months, as far as the President is concerned, to account for the change. The two speeches he has made since his return from his vacation have by no means been of his best, and the tax bill has certainly not added to his popularity.

The President is amazingly blessed by the absence of an important Republican candidate. Colonel Knox seems eliminated. While Borah has made a good showing, he has not achieved anything beyond the certainty that his wishes will receive favorable consideration in the convention. Governor Landon is so far in the lead since his great run in Massachusetts that he can only be headed off by a combination of all the anti-Landon forces, if then. There is an amusing story going around in journalistic circles in Washington that Landon was asked by a well-known correspondent how he accounted for his being so far in front in the race for the nomination when he had never been prominent in national life, was practically unknown in Washington, and was the governor of a small agricultural state. The tale runs that he replied, "Perhaps it is due to the complete bankruptcy of the Republican Party." Amazing though it may seem, this great historic party, backed even in its last defeat by 15,000,000 votes, cannot find a candidate really equipped for the office.

Even more important is the bankruptcy of the Republican policy. The maneuvers of the Republican National Committee and the Liberty League have been, if anything, stupider than was expected. It is enough to point out that their campaign began with Mr. Smith's fatal

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speech at the Liberty League dinner, and that the latest move has been the appointment of a Republican Brain Trust including the precious Professor Carver. At every turn they have concentrated the attention of the country upon their own reactionary character and have thrown the waverers over into the Roosevelt camp. Mr. Roosevelt's victory will therefore be the country's answer to Republican stupidity. It will also be the country's answer to a program for running a vast industrial system like the American on the basis of a laissez faire policy relieved only by various subsidies to Big Ownership.

What effect an overwhelming victory will have upon the President has begun to worry both his friends and his critics. Frank R. Kent has recently written on this subject, and the Scripps-Howard newspapers have begun to stress the fact that "too much power is a hazardous thing." But more important is the effect that impending victory will have upon the Democratic platform. Mr. Roosevelt will have a long enough whip to crack over the industrialists—if he chooses to do the cracking. What is more likely is that, relieved of pressure from the left by his prospects of an easy victory, he will shape both his platform and his policy on the indecisive lines of the past year. The only hope of even a moderately liberal Administration policy is the building up of a genuine progressive and radical opposition in Congress. To this all the efforts of the progressive groups should be turned in the campaign.

Automobile Labor Hits Its Stride

PRESIDENT GREEN of the American Federation of Labor sprang a surprise at last week's convention of the International Union of United Automobile Workers in South Bend, Indiana, when he announced on the very first day the termination of the "probationary period" of the union and called for the immediate democratic election of officers. According to a correspondent who has sent us a first-hand account of the proceedings, Mr. Green has obviously given up any further attempt to control an organization which has consistently opposed his policies. Francis J. Dillon, whom Green appointed as president at the August convention, against the expressed will of the majority, seemed taken aback by Green's action. But he relinquished his office without delay, leaving behind only a handful of his former associates, who did their best to disrupt the procedure of the convention thereafter but disappeared one by one as they found their tactics ineffectual. Incidentally, President Green's announcement drew from the convention the only genuine applause he received during his meteoric appearance. The rest of the applause was reserved for the Committee for Industrial Organization, which was very much in evidence.

Unity, in one way or another, was the keynote of the convention, and one of its brightest manifestations was the unprecedented appearance of representatives of the three major independent unions in the industry, all pledging amalgamation. One place on the incoming international executive board was left open for this eventuality, and the general officers were instructed to start immediate negotiations to this end. Since the independent group is a good deal stronger than the A. F. of L. union in the Detroit area, it should provide a great impetus to organization in the center of the industry.

The first test of strength on the convention floor came on the question of admitting the powerful Toledo local with full representation. The charter of the Toledo union, nationally renowned for its two great strikes against the Auto-Lite and Chevrolet companies, had been withheld by Dillon, who had insisted upon splitting this federal local into its ten component plant groups, for the ultimate benefit of craft unions claiming jurisdiction over various sections of the Toldeo organization. The vote of the convention was overwhelmingly in favor of seating all the Toledo delegates and continuing their single charter.

An incredibly crude forged letter, purporting to have come from "The Communist Party," mimeographed and unsigned, calling for the election of Homer Martin and Wyndham Mortimer, outstanding progressive leaders, was put into the hands of each delegate before the elections in an attempt to discredit these men, who were candidates for the two leading offices of the union. Both men were elected, the former by acclamation, the latter by a substantial majority. A more open attempt at red-baiting came in the form of a resolution calling for the expulsion of Communists. It was beaten down as one delegate after another got to his feet and told how he had been marked as a red because of his militant conduct in a strike or in some other union activity. An amendment calling for the exclusion from office of all "known and proven" Communists was likewise suppressed. A resolution setting down the convention as unalterably opposed to fascism, Nazism, communism, "and all other isms," was adopted out of politic concern lest the rejection of the anti-red resolutions be considered an indorsement of communism. On the last day a resolution indorsing Roosevelt was defeated; however, an appeal for reconsideration because of the possible repercussions of this action among the industrial-union group brought a change in the vote. At the same time the convention indorsed the formation of a Farmer-Labor Party, and the local, district, and national branches of the union were instructed to take the initiative in pressing this movement. An exciting moment occurred when a delegate read on the floor a headline from Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* falsely announcing the automobile union's secession from the A. F. of L. The delegates yelled for the expulsion of the reporter. A telegram of protest was sent; as a result a retraction was printed the next day.

Last August restraint and anger dominated the automobile workers' convention. This May the atmosphere is one of buoyancy and hope. Frank Grillo of the Rubber International told the convention that the membership of his union had increased 400 per cent since it obtained autonomy last September. There is no reason to believe that the automobile union will not have a like success, and the intense enthusiasm of the delegates in South Bend gave fresh evidence of the rising spirit of American labor.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Secretary Morgenthau

Roosevelt Cracks the Whip

THE last push of the Seventy-fourth Congress's closing session has begun. With the White House cracking the whip, the gallused boys on Capitol Hill are plunging to the task of cleaning up the legislative calendar in order to rebuild their political fences back home. The most important bill of all, the $1,500,000,000 relief measure, is being given less attention than the Congress accorded to the $50,000,000 seed-loan bill. Apparently it is to be passed without major change; Roosevelt had only to snap his fingers last week to put an end to the plans of a House faction, led by Beiter of New York, to earmark a portion of the appropriation for the use of Ickes's PWA. The Administration's tax bill, second to the relief bill in importance, also is sliding along on politically greased ways. The fact that the bill is so badly drawn that it is certain to delight the hearts of tax-dodgers, while falling far short of its social and fiscal objectives, gives November-eyed Senators and Representatives no concern. It has even provided Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, with one of his happiest moments in public office. Morgenthau, who approaches a Congressional committee like one about to be tossed to the lions, found to his great joy when he testified before a Senate committee a few days ago that none knew or cared enough about this drastic revision of the tax structure to ask him an intelligent question. As a result, for the first time in his experience with this sort of thing he was able to testify without embarrassing resort to assistance by his staff. Also in the rush is the maneuvering over ship-subsidy legislation. The week ended with Senator Guffey preparing to introduce another "compromise" bill, which, according to the forecasts, will be his original bill amended to prolong the ship operators' enjoyment of their present subsidies until next March.

Running counter to the trend is the official shelving of the Puerto Rican independence bill five days after its introduction by Senator Tydings—after all Puerto Rican parties except the insignificant Nationalist faction had violently attacked the measure. Also running counter to the trend is the maneuvering in the House to forestall a vote for repeal of the "red rider," which forces a monthly loyalty oath on all District of Columbia school-department employees. Speaker Byrns can give the repealer right of way on any District day in the House, but he is paying off an old political debt to Blanton, the measure's chief foe, by blocking its path at each turn with some major piece of legislation.

Mr. Gifford "Denies"

THE portrait of Walter S. Gifford and his colleagues that the Federal Communications Commission is painting with its investigation of the A. T. and T. has begun to show more than faint resemblance to those latter-day robber barons, the Insulls and Hopsons. Samuel Becker as chief investigator has got in a number of definite strokes in the last few days. Chief among them was one showing that the A. T. and T., most demure of holding companies, after making enormous profits for many years from renting telephone sets to its operating subsidiaries, suddenly reversed its policy in 1927 and made its subsidiaries buy the instruments at a price which netted the A. T. and T. an additional profit of $14,000,000. Becker showed that the holding company decided to sell the equipment to its subsidiaries just as the introduction of the hand set threatened the instruments sold with obsolescence. In this fashion, he pointed out, the A. T. and T. not only transferred to its subsidiaries the obsolescence risk but also put the old instruments into their rate bases at a figure to justify continuance of the existing rates charged the public for telephone service. In addition, he showed that the operating companies, to protect themselves against loss on the transaction, tried to discourage use of the new hand sets and to that end levied against the consumer an extra charge if he insisted on having one.

The evidence was so telling that A. T. and T. officialdom resorted to a desperate dodge to hide it from the public. Just as the morning session at which the evidence was presented closed, and reporters were hurrying to get the gist of it on the news wires, G. F. Hurd, company counsel, issued a statement challenging the testimony of the commission's experts as "grossly inaccurate and inadequate." His remarks successfully diverted reportorial

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attention from the evidence and fixed it on the drama of conflict he had created for the afternoon editions. When Becker challenged him later in the day to cite wherein the record was inaccurate either specifically or "in general," Hurd said he could not answer because he had not yet examined the record. Becker similarily squelched Gifford when the president of the A. T. and T. insisted that he was prepared to testify that the company had not made $14,000,000 on the deal in question. When Becker shot back, "Are you prepared to testify from your personal knowledge and an examination of the books?" Gifford subsided meekly into his chair, saying, "Well, now that you ask it that way—no." The books showed that the company reported in its federal income-tax return for 1927 the $14,000,000 profit Mr. Gifford was "prepared" to deny.

Poisoning the Consumer

THAT vaudeville act Lester Jesse Dickinson put on in the Senate Monday would have been funnier if the Iowan had not blown up in his lines. As written for him by the G. O. P.'s encyclopedists, the part was supposed to be an assault on the New Deal for replacing with canned dogfood the chickens Hoover left in every pot. Dickinson clumsily turned the role into an attack on the Food and Drug Administration for failing to make sure that humans reduced to eating dogfood get good, pure dogfood. For his pains Lester got himself literally laughed off the Senate floor. His speech, however, turns out to have had one unfortunate consequence for the Democrats at whom it was aimed. It irked W. G. Campbell, chief of the Food and Drug Administration, into revealing the lengths to which Democratic House spokesmen for farm interests have gone in their efforts to throttle the bureau's activities in behalf of the farmers' customers. Their resistance to the bureau's efforts to obtain adequate funds for controlling poisonous spray residues on fruits and vegetables had extended, he said, to the deliberate suppression of evidence on the dangers of acute poisoning and death to consumers. Refusing to believe that there is any danger, members of the House Appropriations Subcommittee handling the agriculture-appropriation bill in which his bureau's budget is imbedded challenged Campbell both last year and again this year to prove his case. He had replied at length, he said, citing case reports by physicians in medical journals and by other competent, impartial authorities, only to find his testimony deleted from the record of the hearings, which were secret, and to hear his challengers go on asserting that no proof had been offered when it was requested.

He specifically blamed Representative Cannon of Missouri for the suppressions. Cannon, who in his own words represents "a great fruit-growing district," is acting chairman of the subcommittee, the members of which are all farm representatives. He denied the charge of censorship in the name of his committee as well as of himself. It was not an effective denial. Campbell had said that a large part of his testimony last year and two-thirds of his testimony this year before the committee in executive session was devoted to arguing the spray-residue issue. The printed transcripts of the hearings which Cannon's committee caused to be issued in customary fashion contain no testimony whatever by Campbell or any member of his bureau concerning spray residues. Campbell further said that forty pages of his testimony on this point were eliminated from the 1935 transcript after it had been sent to the printer and proofed. This year, he added, his testimony on spray residues was not even sent to the printer but was struck from the stenographic transcript.

Acting on the theory that the farmers who elect them must be allowed a few pennies' extra profit even at the risk to their consumer-customers of acute poisoning and such less readily traceable disorders as Raynaud's disease, nephritis, painter's palsy, cancer, arterio-sclerosis, cardiac hypertrophy, anemia, abortion, blindness, and insanity, Cannon's committee this year did more than suppress the most vital part of Campbell's testimony. It also denied his bureau the $525,000 budgetary increase recommended for it by the President. Coming on top of this, Dickinson's speech was too much for Campbell, Harvey Wiley's protege and chosen successor. Campbell proposed to Secretary Wallace that his bureau be taken out of the Department of Agriculture and put where its budget would not come within the purview of Congressional committees monopolized by farmers' agents.

Incidentally, there has opened within the last few days a new drive, seemingly White House-inspired, to get the long-pending Copeland food-and-drug bill through Congress at this session. A House committee has renewed work on the measure, passed by the Senate last year, and expects to report it to the floor for action in the next week or ten days. Chapman of Kentucky, who distinguished himself last year by subjecting the drug lobby to an investigation such as it had never before experienced, heads the committee revising the Copeland bill so as to strip it of all the emasculating amendments tacked on in the Senate by Bailey from the Vicks Vaporub country, Clark from the Listerine country, and Vandenberg from the Parke, Davis domain. For those who imagine that the impediments in the path of the legislation are wholly the creation of predatory commercial interests outside the government, let it be added that some of the fight comes from Federal Trade Commission bureaucrats desperately anxious to keep all advertising regulation in the hands of the commission. That is where the profit boys also would prefer to have it, since the commission is concerned chiefly with seeing that they play fair with one another and is not so concerned as Campbell's bureau with seeing that they play fair with the public. The latest move of the drug lobby on its own hook has been the beginning of an undercover campaign for a Congressional "investigation" of the Food and Drug Administration, aimed at forcing the dismissal of Ruth deForest Lamb, its "chief educational officer," for offending the ghouls and con men of the patent-medicine, cosmetics, and adulterated-foods rackets by telling the truth about them and their silk-stocking lawyers in her recent book "American Chamber of Horrors." The volume sets a new high in public service of its kind, and the fact that Miss Lamb was permitted to speak her piece freely and remain a federal employee must stand to the everlasting credit of Campbell, Tugwell, Wallace, and Roosevelt, who in the order named are her superiors.

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Mexico's Bloodless Revolution

BY GEORGE STERN

Mexico City, April 30

THE current political drama in Mexico reached its third-act curtain when Plutarco Elías Calles and his closest henchmen were recently exiled from the country without warning. So far the government has not attempted to justify its action on other grounds than that Calles's presence within the national territory constituted a menace to "public health." A semi-official attempt has been made to link the Calles group to the criminal dynamiting of the Vera Cruz train on April 6, in which several persons lost their lives and many more were badly injured. There has been a rash of terrorism in Mexico of late. Bombs have exploded at labor meetings, the home of Vicente Lombardo Toledano was attacked and bombed several weeks ago, and other sporadic outrages have occurred. Taken in conjunction with the depredations of religious fanatics in various parts of the country and the playful pranks of the fascist Gold Shirts, these seemingly unconnected happenings appear to the government to be all a by-product of the Calles group's plotting against the present regime.

Naturally, there is no direct proof that Calles was personally implicated in blowing up the Vera Cruz train. Had any such existed, the government could scarcely have contented itself with a mere deportation order. But there is abundant justification for its claim that Calles was the natural rallying-point of all existing disaffection with the regime and that his presence in Mexico, along with that of his lieutenants, was bound to cause continual violence. From this point of view his exile is more than merited, even though the measure itself may be of dubious legality.

The present intermission provides a good opportunity for reviewing the political and social conflict which has supplied the motivation of the play thus far. It has now been going on for more than two years and in order properly to understand the scenes still to come, one should keep past events clearly in mind.

Prologue: Late in 1933 Calles's stall-fed National Revolutionary Party nominated General Lázaro Cárdenas for the Presidency, somewhat against the dictator's own better judgment but in response to the growing demand within the party ranks for a "left" candidate to still the ominous rumblings of popular discontent. Cárdenas made a truly heroic campaign tour, penetrating into the most remote regions of the country, making friends with simple Indians and peasants, carrying everywhere the time-worn slogans of the revolution—though the election was a foregone conclusion whether he made speeches or not.

Act One: After the inauguration it gradually began to appear that the new President would not be content to remain a Calles puppet. For a brief period the political sophisticates continued to be amused by this provincial hick who seemed to have swallowed whole the revolutionary guff which the official party had been mechanically grinding out for years, but their smiles soon froze as they realized that Cárdenas's ardent oratory was finding dangerous response. Calles's position was being undermined. Congress divided itself into Callistas and left-wingers. By the time Calles awoke to the fact that his President was getting out of hand, it was already too late. In June, 1935, he called for a showdown, only to find that Cárdenas held all the aces. He announced his retirement from politics and left the country for a "vacation." Curtain.

Act Two: The six months of Act Two were mainly a period of suspense and rallying of forces for the decisive battle to come. While the administration moved energetically to consolidate its preliminary victory, the country began slowly to recover its breath after the unlooked-for defeat of the supposedly invulnerable dictator. The labor united front formed in the June crisis was solidly behind the President; so were the agrarians, with whom the government was working out a large-scale organization of the rural masses. Big capital, the church, and the middle classes began to look on Cárdenas as their common enemy, linking themselves with the Callista faction, which still held strong positions in the provinces. What had begun as a political quarrel between two groups of the official family was turned by the action of underlying social forces into a clear-cut class conflict. It was during this period that the red scare began to be raised in the hope that the application of the red brush and the cry of "Moscow gold" would bring diplomatic representations from the United States to halt the madman in the National Palace. However, the forces of reaction were still bewildered by the suddenness of their defeat, and the acts of sabotage, slander, and misrepresentation were as yet uncoordinated.

In this atmosphere of expectancy and mounting tension the preliminary climax arrived on November 20, when workers and fascist Gold Shirts fought a pitched battle in the streets. But the real climax occurred on December 13 when Calles suddenly descended from an airplane in Mexico City, accompanied by Luis N. Morones. The moment was well chosen. The reaction had closed its ranks. The very people who only yesterday had shuddered at Calles's name were now ready to hail him as a savior. The patriots and their hired scribblers who were saving the country from bolshevism had done a fair job; Mexico was being reported, particularly in the United States, as hovering on the brink of anarchy and chaos. These were the forces ready to support Calles, and Morones, still leader of the C.R.O.M., could be expected to bring along a sector of the workers and thus give the semblance of popular sanction to the coup that unquestionably was being planned. As for the army, had not

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General Obregón himself (and who should know better?) once said that no Mexican general could withstand a *cañonazo* of fifty thousand pesos?

But Calles had been sadly misinformed by his friends as to the true mood and temper of the people. His arrival was met by a nation-wide storm of protest that strengthened Cárdenas's hand for the admirably energetic measures he immediately took to circumvent any possibility of a coup d'état. Suspected Callista generals, senators, congressmen, and governors were removed. A temporary censorship prevented Calles from making statements in the press. A week of feverish excitement wound up with a demonstration in which fifty thousand workers marched to the National Palace to demand prison or expulsion for the ex-Maximus of the revolution. The attempted comeback had been an inglorious failure. Curtain to Act Two.

Act Three: If Calles's personal political fortunes had thus again struck a snag, the social forces he represented were by no means content to accept the new defeat lying down. The anti-government campaign was redoubled. Act Three is divided into three scenes, the first of which, a burlesque interlude, was staged in Monterrey, capital of the state of Nuevo León, the Mexican Pittsburgh, center of heavy industry. Here are smelters, foundries, and steel mills, breweries, glass factories, food-preserving plants, and other lesser industries. Monterrey's bourgeoisie is better organized than any other in the republic; its Junta Patronal, an employers' association, is a close-knit body which presents a smooth, unbroken front to the assaults of labor. Moreover, Monterrey is the headquarters of the Calles business clique, of Aarón Sáenz, former governor of the state and one of the reputed fathers of the Gold Shirts; and until recently Nuevo León's political boss was Calles's son, Plutarco junior. Labor troubles had been unknown since 1922; the thousands of factory workers were safely herded into company unions. Wages averaged two pesos (55 cents) a day in a city whose proximity to the American border makes its living costs considerably higher than those of most other parts of the country, including the capital itself. Employers had forgotten what a strike was like.

In January the workers of a glass factory walked out demanding a collective contract, as was legally guaranteed them by the constitution and the labor laws. Mexico thought it had seen red scares before, but the performance worked up over this simple event far outshone previous efforts. The strike was denounced as open revolution; its leaders were accused of operating with Moscow gold; and a campaign of vilification, paid for and directed, it was said, by Aarón Sáenz, filled the Mexico City press. Then came the culminating blow. The bourgeoisie came out into the streets in a mass demonstration! It sounds incredible, but it happened. By joint agreement all the Monterrey factories and business establishments closed their doors in a political lock-out. Headed by the Junta Patronal, the good burghers solemnly marched with placards and banners to the State Capitol, in a procession made up of capitalists, bankers, industrialists, shopkeepers, Catholic dames, religious societies, and the cowed workers of the company unions, to demand justice of the Governor —also accused of communism—against the several hundred striking workers. Just as gravely the Mexico City papers reported that all social classes in Monterrey, including the workers, had patriotically rejected the latest Communist threat to Mexican sovereignty.

This was the first capitalist strike in Mexican history. The novelty of the maneuver created something of a sensation, and the situation became serious enough to cause the President to investigate for himself. After two days of listening to testimony from both sides, he told the nervous gentlemen of the Junta Patronal that the strike was legal according to the requirements of the labor code; that a simple strike for legal rights was not communism and certainly not revolution; that strikes were an inevitable part of the existing economic and social system; that if the Monterrey employers were too exhausted by the industrial struggle to deal with a strike they could always demonstrate their patriotism by turning their factories over to the government and retiring from the fray; and that the lock-out was neither patriotic nor very intelligent. After this cold shower the embattled patriots called off the war and reopened their factories.

As a matter of fact, business has suffered far less than its anguished wails would lead one to suppose. The most recent statistics of the Department of Economics indicate that agricultural, mining, industrial, commercial, and foreign-trade activities have been steadily on the upgrade since 1930; in 1935 Mexican business enjoyed its best year since the crash. If some wages have risen as a result of strikes, prices have risen still higher and real wages have probably fallen. In spite of temporary losses due to strikes, profits are being satisfactorily maintained. It is only the inordinate greed of men accustomed to swollen profits which prompts the effort to make the present industrial unrest look like revolution.

Act Three, Scene Two: On the heels of the Monterrey farce came the congress for unification of the working class into a single national organization. Out of the congress grew the Confederación de Trabajadores de México, a central body to which the electric-power and railroad unions, the metal workers, the powerful C. G. O. C., (Confederación General de Obreros y Campesinos de México) and a great number of smaller independent unions adhered. It was the June united front, strengthened by many later accretions and forged into a solid body in which the overwhelming majority of Mexican labor was at last united under militant leadership. Vicente Lombardo Toledano was elected general secretary of the C. T. M., which numbers 350,000 industrial workers and more than 100,000 peasants. The oldest labor organization in Mexico, the Confederación General de Trabajadores, and Morones's old C. R. O. M., now greatly reduced in strength, remained outside the unified federation.

Act Three, Scene Three: Under Morones's guidance these two groups, together with other scattered unions, now began a slander campaign of their own directed against the C. T. M. They held meetings at which the familiar charges of "Moscow gold" were again aired and at one of which, it is sad to report, Diego Rivera spoke to denounce the Soviet Union, Stalin, and his Mexican emis-

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saries. The Gold Shirts, who had lent strong-arm service to the Monterrey employers during the strike, now entered into an understanding with the Morones unions for joint anti-Communist action.

It was at this stage that terrorism began to grow. For months the rural Catholics had been amusing themselves by such activities as cutting off the ears of village teachers in protest against the government's "socialist" education. Bands of rebels and bandits grew more active. Bombs began to explode in Mexico and other cities. Two Americans were kidnaped. Each day brought news of fresh casualties in the class war. Rumors spread of C. R. O. M. conspiracies, of coming uprisings. Public nervousness was growing. The motive behind all these acts, obviously, was to discredit the government abroad, to give the impression that Mexico was on the road to perdition under Cárdenas's bolshevist rule. Finally came the callous dynamiting of the Vera Cruz train, and the government's answer in the deportation of Calles and the others. And with this the third-act curtain has come down.

What will be the results? Calles will probably win a good deal of sympathy in the United States. He will have more freedom of action than he enjoyed in Mexico; his attacks on the Cárdenas government will be given publicity and credence in interested quarters. In this sense the government's move may be considered something of a mistake. But the Mexican authorities have good reason to believe that the activities of the Calles group were creating an atmosphere in which, given the traditional nature of Mexican political struggles, violent outrages were inevitable. The removal of Calles thus became a measure of imperative necessity. Calles himself is nothing—a discredited political gangster without popular following. Indeed, it is a tribute to the extraordinary hold he once had over the country that he is still able to attract any adherents at all. His present strength is derived solely from the organized reaction whose tool he is. The revolution, as a social movement, has grown out of its bourgeois adolescence and is approaching its new, working-class phase. The basic objective achievement of the Cárdenas administration so far has been to restore the conditions under which the people may again register their will in national affairs.

But the true crisis of the Cárdenas adventure in government has not yet arrived. It is still a nice question how far Cárdenas has led and how far he has been pushed along the road he has followed. The crucial test of his regime will come when his policies directly clash with American interests. The whole course of Mexican history, particularly recent revolutionary history, indicates that radical Presidents have a tendency to go soft when the full heat of foreign pressure is turned on: Calles himself is the best illustration of that general rule. On the other hand, the Mexican workers are learning fast, and the deceptions and betrayals practiced upon them in the past become progressively more difficult as they gain in political wisdom and experience. Ultimately it lies with them and with the public opinion they can mobilize in their support abroad to stiffen the backbone of the government and defend the notable advances they have made in the past year.

Courtesy of the Delphic Studios *Leaders* Drawing by J. C. Orozco

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New Jersey's Army of Unoccupation

BY SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

YOU would never have known from the unperturbed quiet of the Trenton streets that in the very heart of the town and the administrative center of the state the unemployed, under the able leadership of the Workers' Alliance, were making front-page news with their burlesque of a state Assembly which had gone home after a three months' session without acting on the problem of relief. You wouldn't even have suspected it if you had passed right by the state Capitol, or even if you had gone in unless you had inquired the way to the Assembly Chamber.

But in the chamber things were happening. The "insurgent" assembly was surrounded by a crowd of spectators, and newspaper photographers were everywhere. Ray Cooke, national secretary-treasurer of the alliance, was just announcing an agreement with the Speaker of the regular Assembly whereby the insurgents would temporarily adjourn to the gallery in order that the chamber might be put in order for its regular occupants. The insurgents adopted a resolution to that effect and filed out. The spectators followed. Fortunately there was plenty of room in that side of the gallery which was thrown open. We followed the crowd and found places in the midst of the "army of unoccupation." And there we sat and waited, our numbers steadily augmented by the delegations of employed and unemployed arriving from out of town to back up the group which had held the chamber for six days and nights.

There was ample time—four hours of it—before the regular Assembly convened to gauge the quality and temper of this group of insurgents. Their appearance was impressive. Nothing dull or stolid about this crowd. Their faces were keen, sensitive, worried. They were fine American faces. I knew these people; they had been my friends and neighbors in my childhood out West. One gathered from their own statements that they represented the more intelligent among the victims of depression. They were the delegates of the various groups of the Workers' Alliance, and the leaders of their groups. They admitted frankly that they had to cope with inertia among the rank and file. "A lot of people down our way," said a man from Riverdale, "don't do anything until they get into trouble. Then they join the alliance. We bring their cases before the board and get them on the relief rolls again, and then they stop coming to meetings and forget to pay their dues." A Trenton house-painter had a different view. It was true, he said, that one could count on about two members in every hundred who were willing to lead. "But I'd rather sit here day and night myself than get our rank and file excited. They'd be for direct action, and the time for direct action is past," he announced in a tone of unwarranted optimism.

Certainly there seemed to be no thought of direct action in the minds of this crowd. They were in no ugly mood. On the contrary, they were pleased with their demonstration, and in spite of their fatigue even those who had kept the daily and nightly vigil were good-humored, chaffing one another in a spirit of comradeship born of a common need and a common effort.

"We'll be down there in the insurrectionary camp again tonight," said a cheerful elderly man who had been there since the insurgents moved in.

"Yeah, they got nice soft beds down there," remarked a gay bleached-blonde housewife with ten-cent-store diamonds on her fingers and a red celluloid bracelet.

"The Legislature ain't gonna do anything tonight," remarked another delegate.

"What are you kickin' about?" asked the blonde. "Ain't we supposed to be gettin' four-fifty a day? Didn't Bogle say so? Wonder if we'll get overtime? That'll mean a lot of money for me—six days and six nights overtime."

Our gallery was crowded to suffocation. I remarked that the other gallery should be opened.

"They don't open that," said the blonde. "That's for the members' friends. The women came in in evening dress at the last session. One of 'em was wearing a long white evening dress trailing behind her right along the floor. Wonder how it must feel to be pretty and well fed."

One heard serious discussion, too; comparing of notes by people from different communities, speculation on their chances with the Legislature, weighing of policy. They were friendly, and ready to answer questions about their condition. The man from Riverdale had been a silk cutter employed on piece rates by the same factory for fourteen years, earning never less than $35 and often $50 a week. The factory had failed in 1931, and since then he had knocked around on temporary jobs, CWA work, PWA work, anything he could get. He was on state relief when that was discontinued on April 5. Since then he had had a $12-order from his community with the announcement that it was the first, last, and only help he need expect. His father and mother had been getting $2 a week from the state. A housewife had been drawing $19.54 each fortnight for her family of eight. Since April 5 her family had had no relief. The cheerful elderly man in front of me had been drawing $2 for himself and wife. Did he pay his rent out of that? "No. I owe so much rent I practically own the house by this time." A Negro cook sitting beside me had had no job in his own line since 1931; only odd jobs and relief. An agricultural worker from Bridgeton lived out of town just far enough to be denied state relief. He had been referred to the overseer of the poor and told there were no funds, so he was forced to support his wife and three children by panhandling—the state of New Jersey grants the unemployed permits to beg.

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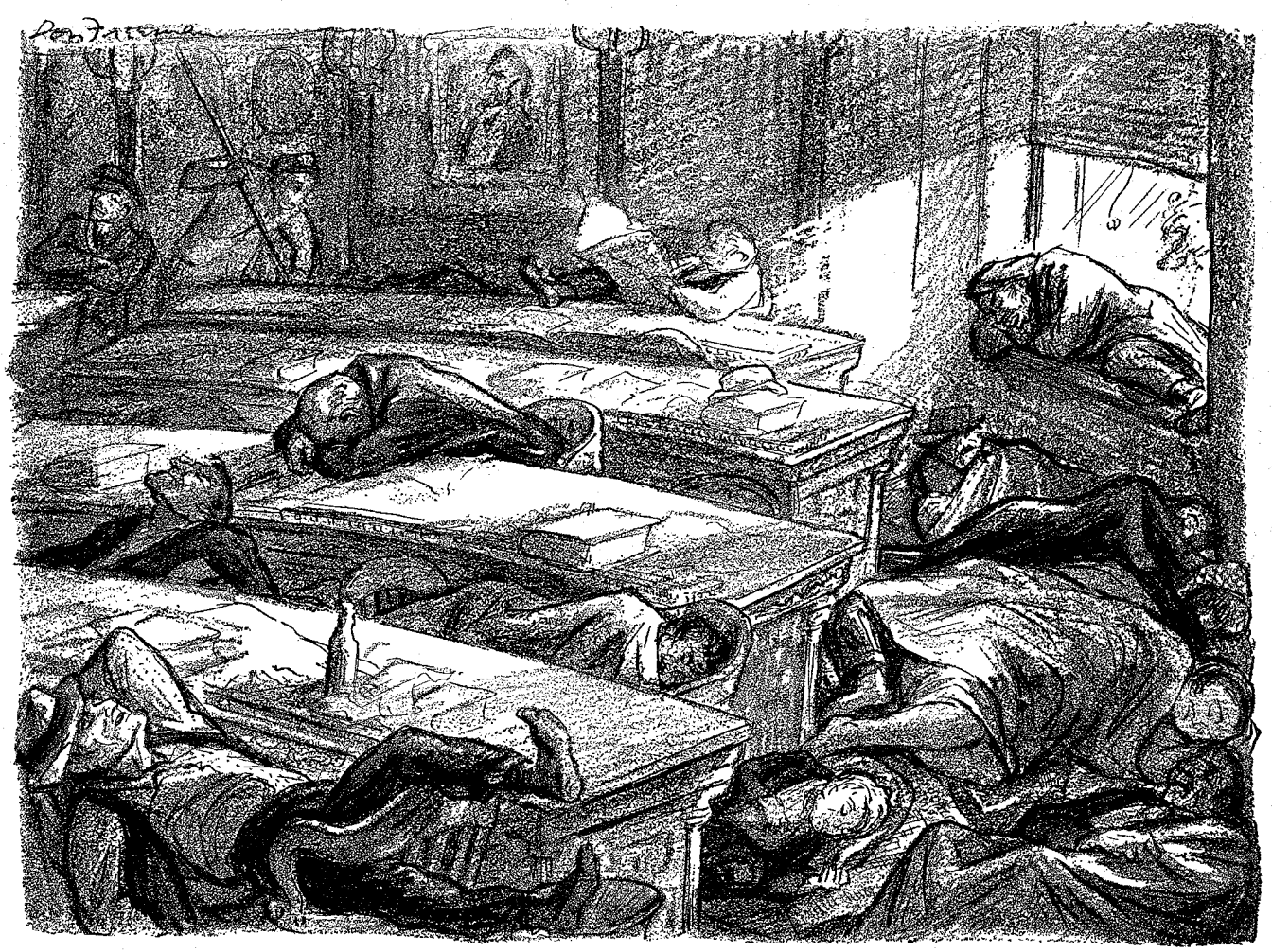
The delegates of the Agricultural Workers' Union of South Jersey had much to tell about conditions in the farming section; and what they told was not pretty. Wages range from 7½ to 35 cents an hour when there is work to be had, the average being around 20 cents. The local overseers of the poor are local landowners, and the landowners like having relief turned back to the communities. For the relief offices are used as hiring halls, and workers who refuse starvation wages are cut off the relief rolls. One of these local overseers is C. F. Seabrook, owner of the big farm where the workers struck two years ago against starvation wages and intolerable conditions. The owners are fighting the WPA wage of $48.50 a month because, low as it is, it is still higher than the going wage for farm workers in that section.

The session began with a prayer by a local pastor, who thanked God that the Legislature of New Jersey had never failed in its duty to the people of New Jersey, and expressed faith that He would not let them fail this time. After which the Legislature proceeded to demand that the Governor defend its dignity by clearing out the insurgent assembly, tabled a resolution calling for an investigation of the Workers' Alliance, listened to two representatives of the Protestant churches who pleaded for immediate action on relief, and refused to listen to Ray Cooke after he had called Assemblyman Thomas a liar for saying that the insurgents were Communist agitators. It then passed a bill to help certain business interests of New Jersey by authorizing the establishment of a free port, and slapped the workers of New Jersey in the face by adjourning. The only reference to the problem of relief was a remark by one of the members that the state of New Jersey owed nobody a living.

It was a dramatic scene, and one not pleasant to witness. Here were some hundreds of American citizens, weary, tense, hopeful, representing many thousands who like themselves had been waiting for months while their duly constituted representatives did nothing about their difficulties. And their duly constituted representatives could find nothing better to do than insult them. What made the thing more significant was the conviction forced home by a comparison of the two assemblies that the only class line in America is the income line. The members of the regular Assembly differed from those of the insurgent assembly in being better clothed and fed and less worried. They were the more prosperous and successful members of their communities; but with that difference removed the two bodies might have changed places without one's marking the difference. And the very fact emphasized the importance of the income line. It reduced all class differences to their fundamental basis—the distinction between those who have and those who have not.

The unemployed are being forced to realize this distinction, and such object lessons as the behavior of the New Jersey Assembly are helping to teach them. Indeed, after that session some of the leaders of the Workers' Alliance became a bit over-zealous in drawing the moral of need for political action by the workers. They tried to



The Army Encamped

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adjourn the insurgent assembly and send the members home to organize a Farmer-Labor Party for the purpose of defeating the Assemblymen at the polls. To the dogged delegates who had been carrying on in behalf of an immediate and pressing issue, this seemed rather like a promise of pie in the sky. "We didn't come here to organize a Farmer-Labor Party," one heard. "We came here to get relief—now." Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed; other leaders pointed out that the two objectives were not mutually exclusive; and the insurgents settled down again to their grim wait.

At the moment of writing the Assembly has met again and placed the supervision of state relief in the hands of a group of Republican politicians, headed by Governor Hoffman, but without providing funds. And they have locked out the insurgents. No one doubts that funds will be provided—after the primaries on May 19. Until then the unemployed will have to starve along as best they can, for the legislators are apparently more afraid of taxpayers than of jobless workers. And when action is taken, it will leave relief in the hands of the communities, aided by state funds. This is the program Assemblyman Bogle outlined to me, saying that relief should be in the hands of the communities because there would be "less chiseling." He did not mention that there would also be less relief—that community relief is from one-half to three-quarters of the bare subsistence formerly provided by the state. But he gave point to a remark I overheard later, during a belated dinner, from a prosperous-looking elderly gentleman who was saying to an Assemblyman in his party: "You fellows are acting like a lot of ostriches. Don't deny that the Republican program is to throw relief back on to the communities in order to force down wages."

There is no question that relief in New Jersey is a tool of party politics, as it will continue to be in every state unless it is placed on an insurance basis and removed from the category of vote-catching devices. Nor is there any question that the unemployed are getting a good deal of political education out of the sorry mess. But it is ignorant and foolish for radicals or reactionaries to assume that they are either political theorists or political agitators. They think of themselves simply as good Americans in hard luck, and they want something done about it. Like a good many generations of Americans before them they resent the inexorable working of the profit system, but they are as ignorant as their forbears about what the profit system really is. They resent being called Communists, too, but they are as confused about the meaning of the term as are the politicians who hurl it at them as an epithet of opprobrium. To be sure the Communists among their leaders, being the most articulate among them, wield an influence which the rank and file don't even suspect. It is a dangerous influence, but not for the reasons that the reactionaries would give. The attempt to adjourn the insurgent assembly proved the folly of the one tactic to which the Communist Party consistently adheres—that of sacrificing immediate issues to the current party slogan. The party's past record makes it seem probable that the present "Farmer-Labor Party" slogan may be abandoned as suddenly as it was adopted, leaving the workers more confused than before.

Political Notes from the Northwest

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Boise, Idaho, April 30

A SWING around the Oregon-Washington-Idaho circuit demonstrates the fact that Landon, Knox, Vandenberg, and Dickinson are just so many names to the predominantly rural population of the region. Unless Senator Borah is the Republican nominee, the Far Northwest will again support President Roosevelt.

Heading westward, our train was delayed six or seven hours by an avalanche in the Columbia River canyon. Discussion in the dining-car and pullmans at once turned to politics. The traveling salesmen, lawyers, and business men comprising the bulk of the travelers declared that Roosevelt was slipping and that the Republicans could beat him with anyone except "that damned inflationist Borah." But more people ride in day coaches than sleep in pullmans or eat in dining-cars, and up ahead it was a different story. Most of the occupants of the coaches said that the only Republican they would vote for was Senator Borah. A number of travelers nodded approvingly when a young farmer in a denim shirt said, "I'm for anyone Hoover's against."

Curiously enough, in the year in which he makes his first actual appearance on the Presidential firing-line, Borah faces his most difficult fight for reelection as United States Senator from Idaho. C. Ben Ross, the only man ever to be Governor of Idaho for more than two terms, is a formidable threat of which Borah himself is sharply aware. As the G. O. P. Presidential nominee, Borah would sweep through the Northwest like a conquering army, carrying Idaho by a landslide vote. But local pride will not help him in the Senatorial contest. In fact, it may be the other way around. Ross is expected to make political capital of the fact that he is a native-born product, whereas Borah migrated westward from Illinois and Kansas.

Ben Ross is a shrewd and canny politician. He has been eyeing Borah's post for nearly ten years. He was once a cowboy on the Oregon range and knows the language of the farmers who control Idaho's vote. His first term as governor was in 1930. He was reelected in 1932 and again in 1934. In capturing a second term he carried every county in the state and received more votes than were ever before cast for a candidate in Idaho. Ross's public utterances

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drip with protestations of his solicitude for the common people, although the principal act of his three administrations has been the passage of a sales tax. Through the judicious use of relief, welfare, and liquor patronage, he has built up an efficient political machine.

Ross is the first public figure of considerable political skill to apply even a modified Long-Bilbo-Talmadge technique to the Pacific seaboard. He resorts to Scriptural quotations and frequently hints that a mysterious destiny is guiding his political career. But whereas the Southern shouters have made love of the Constitution their stock in trade, Ross has intimated that Supreme Court interpretation of the sacred document is incompatible with present needs. He fortified his battle lines by sharply criticizing the majority ruling in the AAA case. The crop-reduction hand-outs were not unwelcome among Idaho's harassed ranchers and fruit growers, a fact known to Borah as well as Ross. The delight with which the Senator greeted the decision nullifying the NRA was noticeably absent when the AAA was sent down the river.

The worst obstacle to Borah's sixth successive Senatorial term is the manner in which he has handled the Townsend question. Had Borah declared himself against the Townsend Plan originally, as did Senator Norris of Nebraska, he would not now find himself in an embarrassing political predicament. The Idaho Townsendites are not aroused because Borah is opposed to their plan *per se.* They are furious because they had been boasting to the world at large that he was in favor of it—even going so far as to distribute stickers on the streets of Boise last fall proclaiming, "Get the Townsend Plan *with* Borah." It is a matter of record that Senator Borah never indorsed Dr. Townsend's fantasy. But the hysteria of the pension enthusiasts permits no splitting of hairs. When a year ago Borah declared that he favored the principle underlying the Townsend Plan, the Idaho Townsendites concluded he had accepted the scheme lock, stock, and barrel.

There is no doubt that the disclosures of the Bell committee investigating the Townsend movement have been a lifebuoy to Borah. Idaho is a strong Townsend state, the pension adherents holding the balance of power between Borah and the Governor. As the wrappings have gradually been peeled from "Cofounder" Clements and the other Townsend leaders, Borah's position has been strengthened. In most of his recent public statements challenging the practicability of the plan, Borah has emphasized his opposition to its sales-tax feature. For several months he and his supporters have been jockeying to get the sales tax into the political arena as the paramount issue of the campaign.

The sales tax is Governor Ross's vulnerable point. His vigorous advocacy of such a levy—despite his claim that the revenue was desperately needed for relief and old-age pensions—gave rise to the report that he was "in with the 'railroad.' " What the Anaconda copper interests are to Montana, the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific is to Idaho. In Montana it is the "company"; in Idaho it is the "railroad." One of Ross's principal arguments for the sales tax is that it has drastically reduced the ad valorem levy. Grange and labor leaders contend that the Union Pacific is the state's heaviest ad valorem contributor, but that it pays no sales tax. Ross hopes to win Townsend support by using sales-tax funds to match old-age security appropriations from the federal government, but the fact that he has eased the Union Pacific's tax burden is the vulnerable point in a program which claims to be a bulwark for the common people of Idaho.

The Governor plans to charge that Borah has neglected the interests of his own constituents to dabble in international questions half a world removed from the great state of Idaho. Ross knows how to make capital of the Main Street delusion that United States Senators are sent to Washington to get new electric bulbs for the post office or a can of paint for the grade-crossing sign in Bear Creek and not to meddle in dangerous questions of national and foreign policy.

As a result of this threat one circumstance is certain: in all his Presidential campaign activities Borah keeps a weather-eye cocked toward Idaho. The stronger the bid he makes for the Republican nomination, the greater will be his chance of reelection to the Senate. Although the Ross forces fear the effective campaign in the state which Borah is capable of making, they hope the senior Senator will not be removed from the Idaho wars to bear the G. O. P. banner. They realize that Borah as a Presidential candidate would sweep Idaho and carry into office his friend Ray McKaig, who already has entered his name for the Republican Senatorial nomination. McKaig is a former Non-Partisan League chairman and Progressive Party leader. A thoroughgoing liberal, he was a delegate last year to the third-party conference of the American Commonwealth Political Federation.

McKaig is a close friend of Borah's, and two explanations are offered for his candidacy. One is that Borah has crossed the Rubicon and intends to default his Senate seat. The other is that McKaig is merely keeping the place warm for Borah while he makes a bid for the White House. The only other entrant to date in the Republican Senatorial primaries is State Senator Ralph Whitten, who is said to be running with the blessing of Borah's arch-enemy, Herbert Hoover. Whitten probably will conduct a sort of Fabian warfare against Borah. McKaig's candidacy would tend to speed Whitten's maneuvers. Then if Borah failed to get the Presidential nomination, McKaig could retire from the primary race, throwing his support to Borah. (The Idaho primaries are on August 11, more than a month after the Rupublican national convention.)

One of the minor political tragedies of this region is that James Pinckney Pope, the junior Senator from Idaho, will probably be defeated for reelection in 1938 because of a few careless remarks he dropped in Europe last summer. On the whole Pope has been a far more capable official than anyone expected. He has followed Senator Norris's lead in urging curtailment of the veto powers of the Supreme Court. He has insisted that the giant Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams be placed under a Columbia Valley Authority similar to the TVA in the South. He supported the Frazier amendment to abolish compulsory military drill in the colleges. He was one of nine Senators

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—Borah was another—to vote against confirmation of the appointment of Lamar Hardy as a federal attorney. Several weeks ago he issued a scathing denunciation of Hearst and backed the demands of the Newspaper Guild members who were picketing Hearst's *Wisconsin News*.

However, Senator Pope is an ardent internationalist and World Court enthusiast, and in London last summer he made so many rash remarks that Senator La Follette rebuked him from the floor of Congress. When Borah came back to Boise last August and was questioned about his colleague, he replied, "If Senator Pope can avert war in Europe, he certainly deserves a great deal of credit." Borah's quip has aroused guffaws in every hamlet in the state. It is used against Pope on all conceivable occasions —even in Boise, where he was an efficient but colorless mayor. He has been humorously referred to as "Ambassador to Europe from Idaho."

This is exceedingly bad for a man in public life, and despite a courageous and enlightened voting record in the Senate, Pope probably faces oblivion in 1938. His closest friends are worried over his chances for reelection. He may not even get the nomination if a formidable Democrat opposes him in the primaries. Several of Governor Ross's advisers are known to be urging him to avoid the Borah buzz-saw this year, and to try for Pope's job in 1938.

Just as a side issue is weakening Senator Pope in Idaho, increasingly frequent social missteps will probably defeat Congressman Marion A. Zioncheck if he seeks reelection from the Seattle district this year. Until he embarked upon his escapades with the police of several states Zioncheck was considered a possible governor of Washington. Elected to Congress in 1932 with the backing of progressive groups, his voting record has been as liberal as Pope's. Reactionary Democrats in King and Kitsap counties, angered because he refuses to play ball with Jim Farley's patronage club, have issued unctuous statements condemning Marion's "disgraceful conduct." Of course, it is political apple-sauce of the thinnest sort for Democratic moguls to condemn him for over-indulgence in liquor, but their play to the church and dry vote may result in his defeat.

Hollywood Fights Back

BY HERBERT KLINE

IN his article No Soap Boxes in Hollywood in *The Nation* for March 4 Morrie Ryskind indicted the entire film colony on two major charges: first, "its colossal ignorance of current political happenings," and, second, "the shocking cowardice to be found in high places." According to Mr. Ryskind, Hollywood is hopeless, most film people are ignoramuses, and the few intelligent ones are too cowardly to stand by their private opinions. In a later article, in the May 6 issue, Mr. Ryskind gave Hollywood people credit for participating in a mass-meeting to raise funds to combat the reactionary Russell-Kramer bill, but he overlooked many happenings that took place both before and after his charges of "ignorance" and "cowardice" were preferred against Hollywood.

Three weeks before his first article appeared almost a thousand prominent members of the Hollywood community paid $10 a ticket to hear Lord Listowell deliver a lecture on Nazi Germany. The proceeds went to help suffering anti-fascists. The majority of the audience were disappointed with the unexpected mildness of the Englishman's criticism of the Nazis. Hollywood was far ahead of this particular soap-boxer in its feelings about current political happenings in Germany.

And for the past three years, despite Mr. Ryskind's charges, a struggle between the screen workers and the producers has been taking place that tops any other trade-union activity in the theatrical profession since the 1919 strike. Ernest Pascal, Ralph Block, O. H. P. Garrett, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Dudley Nichols, Frances Faragoh, Sidney Howard, Kenneth Thompson, John Howard Lawson, and Fredric March, among others, took the lead in a successful movement to pull the majority of screen writers and actors out of the producer-controlled Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Today the screen workers have their own actors', writers', and directors' guilds to protect them against unscrupulous practices and to gain every possible fair concession for their members. Since the leaders of these guilds have been subjected to every kind of producer pressure, including of course the usual charges of radicalism, I trust Mr. Ryskind will be willing to add guild activities to his future listings of important Hollywood events.

Most New Yorkers think of Hollywood as the Land of Boy Meets Girl. But three weeks before "Bury the Dead" opened on Broadway twelve hundred members of the film colony crowded into the Hollywood Women's Club auditorium to hear Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and John Cromwell give a public reading of Irwin Shaw's macabre anti-war play for the benefit of the local Contemporary Theater and the magazine *New Theater*. Basil Rathbone, James Cagney, Groucho Marx, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Lewis Milestone sponsored the performance, signifying their interest in seeing this blast against war staged in the heart of the community that specializes in grinding out such messages as "No Greater Glory" and "Professional Soldier."

According to Hollywood reports, there never was a more unusual or more stirring opening in this town of colossal world premières. Not only did Shaw's play about "the war that is to begin tomorrow night" receive an ovation from the nation's leading entertainment specialists, but many of them used the discussion period that followed to declare publicly their sentiments about war, fascism, working conditions in the industry, Scottsboro,

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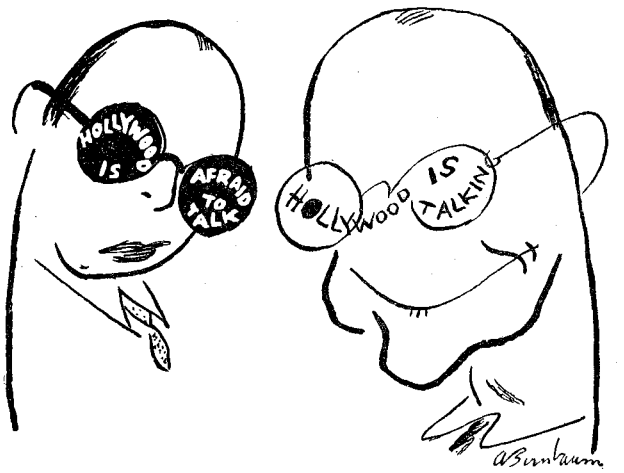
Hearst, and other current political issues that concern Hollywood's high-salaried screen workers.

In his introductory speech as chairman of the reading Donald Ogden Stewart said:

> As I remember it we writers were very, very bitter, we were very, very disillusioned, and we were above all determined to tell the truth about life. That was twelve years ago. I don't know whether or not any of you have seen my two latest contributions to the screen. One was a vehicle for Marion Davies entitled "Going Hollywood" and the other was Miss Crawford's "No More Ladies." That isn't exactly what I meant twelve years ago. It isn't as funny as that . . . and I am not really blaming the movies for my downfall. Nobody came to me with a revolver and said, "You've got to take this big salary and have three automobiles and live in this goddam sunshine." It's my fault and I simply want to say a few words about my present situation and particularly why I am here tonight.
>
> I am here simply and directly because the movies aren't good enough. And this Hollywood happiness isn't good enough in the face of the misery that there is in the world today. . . . You know what Hollywood's answer is to that. Entertainment . . . pictures are made for entertainment. That's a lot like seeing a man who is starving to death and saying, "Maybe if we make funny faces he won't notice it." We are making funny faces while people are starving to death . . . ten million men are out of work, but the movies say nothing about that. Five innocent colored boys are going to be sent to the electric chair in Alabama, but the movies are concerned only with whether Dick Powell gets his girl.
>
> Now I say that isn't good enough. And I am here on behalf of the Contemporary Theater and the New Theater League because they offer something better than Hollywood. They don't want people to go into the theater to get away from life . . . but to have them realize that there is a way out of their troubles that they can take part in themselves. It is not charity they want— it is hope . . . and the New Theater can give them hope. I think that even with the small productions . . . that one flash of hope and truth against a plain white canvas wall is more important than all the entertainment that Hollywood and its million- and two-million-dollar productions can ever give.

Mr. Ryskind wrote, "You can't get talk in Hollywood, people are afraid," but Mr. Stewart and Arthur Kober got up after the reading had ended and spoke openly against Hearst's jingoism and against both the Russell-Kramer bill, "which makes meetings such as this a horrible thing," and the Tydings-McCormack bill, "which makes any talk against the military an offense"; while Dudley Nichols, speaking "as an ex-officer in the United States army," declared himself in favor of strong anti-war plays like "Bury the Dead." At the same session Lionel Stander, the young comedian, wasn't being funny when he spoke of "the significance of this play to those of us who are against war but who are puzzled as to just what we as individuals can do about it." And James Cagney, Onslow Stevens, Egon Brecher, John Cromwell, Dorothy Tree, J. M. Kerrigan, Clifford Odets, and others offered their services as actors and directors for the pending Hollywood production of "Bury the Dead."

It is certainly true that there are a great many people



Morrie Ryskind and Donald Ogden Stewart Look at Hollywood

in Hollywood as there are in every American community who are indifferent to current political happenings. I fully sympathize with Mr. Ryskind when he declares, "The thing I cannot understand is the cringing and cowardice of people who have more than enough." But when he says, "They are not only cowardly but stupid in their fear of a fascism that doesn't exist," he simply isn't talking about the movie-company town controlled by the Warner Brothers, Hearst, Louis B. Mayer, and so on, or the reactionary state machinery that has turned loose its propaganda and political power against every manifestation of progressive thought or action from Upton Sinclair's Epic movement to the strike activities of the Imperial Valley agricultural workers and the Pacific Coast seamen and longshoremen. He isn't talking about the studio set-up that was powerful enough to force 99 per cent of the Hollywood screen employees to contribute to Governor Merriam's campaign chest regardless of their political opinions. He isn't talking about the Hollywood where the Hines "red squad" was used to terrorize film stars "communistic" enough to believe in the innocence of Tom Mooney. He isn't talking about the monopoly-controlled movie center which has produced reactionary "Riff-Raffs" and "Red Salutes" but never a single progressive picture such as "It Can't Happen Here" might have been. He isn't talking about the town where liberals like the leaders of the screen guilds are labeled dangerous radicals, and where anybody who treads on the toes of Louella Parsons or Marion Davies or Norma Shearer or Will Hays is liable to get it where the chicken got the ax.

Is there any hope that the brave but sporadic activity recorded in this article indicates a definite break with the popular conception of Hollywood as an intellectual Sahara? I think there is. One hope. The screen guilds. They have the power to stand up for the right of their individual members to free speech and free assemblage whether William Randolph Hearst, Governor Merriam, and Louis B. Mayer like it or not. Personally, I think Mr. Mayer, Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Warner, and others should consider the plight of the former heads of the German film industry before giving further support to the type of fascism that greets every progressive thought or action in the great state of California.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HAROLD LASKI in his article in our issue of last week set forth the facts of the division in the British Cabinet and Stanley Baldwin's own personal loss of prestige. That is grave enough, but it is more serious that as a consequence of the indecisive policies which have been followed since Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister British prestige on the Continent stands lower today than at any time in the memory of the present generation. This is the deliberate opinion of one of the most competent of European observers, now in this country. And his opinion is shared by many. The result is a loss of hope in Southwestern Europe, in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, which cannot be overestimated. People there who have been working for a sane and rational settlement of European problems feel that their last anchor has gone. They have thought of France as torn by party dissensions, of the League as being too weak to help very much, but they have looked to Great Britain as to a Rock of Gibraltar. Today they are dazed by the sight of an England making incredible diplomatic blunders like the signing of the naval treaty with Germany and the Hoare-Laval agreement, and by its inability to stop the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, and they are prepared for any outcome. English diplomacy has, of course, blundered before—often enough; but the government has usually had a consistent policy and has presented a united front to the outside world.

Now what do we see? A Cabinet that cannot conceal its division, vacillating, hesitating, compromising, with the result that Hitler may well believe that he can do whatever he pleases; a Foreign Minister known to be out of sympathy with the orders given him. However, responsibility for the collapse of British foreign policy rests primarily with Mr. Baldwin himself. In his speech of April 18 he practically said that the issue of war and peace in Europe rested in Hitler's hands, and he prayed that this dictator might have the will to preserve peace, since he had it in his power to "do more at this moment to lift the black shadow of fear from Europe than any other man living." He also expressed alarm at the use of poison gas by Italy in Ethiopia, not because of Ethiopia's sufferings, but for fear that dictators would turn their poison gas into the cities of England and Europe. What could strengthen Hitler's hands more? To have the Prime Minister of Great Britain admitting fear and asserting that Hitler today is the arbiter of peace or war in Europe is to raise the prestige of Hitler among his own people still farther, for he can now quote these words and say: "Three years ago I was nothing and Germany was enslaved. Today the Prime Minister of England declares that the fate of Europe is in my hands."

I am well aware that the will of the English people today is not for war but for peace. I am not, of course, advocating war, nor do I believe that it is necessary for Mr. Baldwin to rattle the sword in its scabbard. But it is clear that the policy of weakness and indecision which Great Britain is following is far more likely to provoke hostilities and to encourage Göring and Hitler to attempt to impose their will on all Europe by force than would the sharp and vigorous moral opposition of a united British Cabinet. If Ethiopia is given to Italy, Mr. Baldwin must not expect Mussolini to be content with that empty conquest or to be daunted by the presence of British ships in the Mediterranean. Nor need Mr. Baldwin feel that a collapse of the League boycott of Italy will weaken Hitler's desire to include the German-speaking peoples in the Italian Tyrol, in Austria, and in Czecho-Slovakia within the Reich. The one hope of heading this off has been determined British leadership.

Undoubtedly the defenders of Mr. Baldwin will wish to put the blame upon the vacillations and insincerities of the French government and its apparent determination to hold on to Italy's friendship at any cost, and it cannot be denied that the weakness of French policy is largely responsible for the collapse of collective security. But the fact remains that after Hitler's coup in the Rhineland an alert and determined British government could and should have adopted a much firmer attitude toward the Third Reich. It was not the time to butter parsnips with soft words, but to say to Hitler that the British government was ready for its part to negotiate for the changing of the former Rhineland status, to warn him that if the troops were not withdrawn during the negotiations an economic boycott on the part of Great Britain would be immediately imposed. The cutting off of trade with Germany would undoubtedly offend a large section of the Conservative Party, but it is the task of leadership in a situation like that to convince its entire following that the policy pursued is a better one than drifting into another world war. As a result of the present policy Europe and the League are confused as never before; the democratic forces of Europe are drifting toward chaos; the prestige and power of Hitler are rising by leaps and bounds. Hitler doubtless feels already licensed to do as he wishes, to strike at Czecho-Slovakia or Austria next in the confident belief that the British government will continue to pay him compliments, to vacillate, and to express its profound regret that things are as they are. And at the same time that Germany's little man is growing more powerful, and all Europe is in imminent danger of world conflict, Great Britain and its statesmen will continue to lose prestige in every country on the Continent.

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BROUN'S PAGE

IN DISCUSSING Toscanini's farewell the *Herald Tribune* said on its editorial page: "Not even the shameless conduct of the news photographer who exploded the flashlight in Mr. Toscanini's face dimmed the spontaneity of the ovation accorded to him. The audience sensed—without definite knowledge—that Mr. Toscanini's sensitive eyes could not stand such a sudden strain. It did not know that the photographer broke an agreement made with other news photographers not to take flashlights of Mr. Toscanini on the stand. Had it also realized that this man represented the same organization that behaved so shockingly in the matter of the Lindbergh baby, the violence of its indignation against the photographer would have been even greater."

Obviously the *Herald Tribune* is against violence. It will not run the risk of provoking it even after the audience has left Carnegie Hall to go home. It suffices to say, "the same organization that behaved so shockingly in the matter of the Lindbergh baby." Possibly the *Herald Tribune* believes that its readers, like the listeners at the concert, can "sense without definite knowledge." But just to cinch it, Mr. *Herald Tribune* Editor, don't you think it might have been a good idea to add so short and simple a sentence as, "The name is Hearst"?

Moreover, the *Herald Tribune* is attempting to reap where it has not sown. The writer of the editorial makes the assumption that the public is familiar with the fact that Hearst photographers forced Mrs. Lindbergh's car to the side of the road in order to take a picture of the baby Jon. But as a matter of fact, the *Herald Tribune* never printed a line concerning that occurrence. It came to public attention only because J. David Stern broke the story in his New York *Post*. The facts of the matter were familiar to newspapermen and editors, but out of courtesy to Mr. Hearst all except Stern passed it up. "The same organization," says the *Herald Tribune,* smugly missing a couple of birds with one stone.

It all seems very strange to me because I worked on the old *Tribune* in the days before its marriage to the *Herald*. In those days at the beginning of the World War the *Tribune* ran a series called "Coiled in the Flag." It was aimed at pro-Germans. I might add that the *Tribune's* definition of a pro-German was about as catholic as Mr. Hearst's conception of a Communist. For the sake of the record I might add that in my mind Hearst's opposition to our entry into the war constitutes the only service he has rendered to this country. It is a pity that he didn't have the courage to stick to his convictions. By the time Debs went to jail William Randolph Hearst was at least 175 per cent patriotic.

Still, I bring the matter up less to castigate Hearst than to indulge in reminiscences about the days when the *Tribune* had not become too polite to point. When it meant Hearst it said Hearst, and in fact threw in the picture of a serpent for good measure. And now there is amity. Howard Davis, vice-president of the *Herald Tribune,* led the forces of the publishers when Hearst was under attack by the Labor Board in the Jennings case. There was a united front among all publishers when a trade-union issue was at stake. Mr. Davis has ceded his place as president of the publishers' association to a man named Barnum from Syracuse, but the *Herald Tribune* has been valiant in Mr. Hearst's fight against the investigations of the Black committee. As you have probably read, Mr. Hearst is defending the right of every American citizen to privacy. I wonder whether he ventures a smile at such times as he reads the columns of his extremely gifted employee, Mr. Walter Winchell.

Obviously the *Herald Tribune* is doing its bit to help Hearst's right of privacy when it refers to "the same organization." It would be illogical, I suppose, to hail a man as the whited plumed fighter for the Freedom of the Press and at the same time stress the fact that nothing is sacred to a Hearst camera man. The individual camera man is not at fault. He is as decent a person as all his fellow newspaper workers, but he is under the orders of an organization which says in effect, "Damn the proprieties and get the picture."

The time has come when the leaders of American thought can no longer dodge the issue of naming Hearst. Even the publishers' union should not distort the integrity of the news by making Hearst a sacred cow. It seems to me that it is incumbent upon President Roosevelt to say what he thinks of Hearst. The country also has a right to hear from Landon on this issue. And in no uncertain terms. "Name him! Name him!" should be a concerted slogan.

Once upon a time a stranger came to a cave in which there was housed a sinister idol. An old man of the village stopped the stranger and gave him counsel. "You may look at the idol with impunity," he said. "You may even regard him with manifest disapproval. Nor is it forbidden to say 'You are an ugly idol,' or 'I do not like your size or color.' Some have even thumbed their nose at Kla and gone unharmed. But one thing is certain. Whoever dares to point a finger at the god and call him Kla by name, upon him will fall death and destruction."

"Has this truly occurred?" asked the stranger.

"That I do not know," replied the old man, "but it is an ancient legend."

Forthwith the stranger strode to the far end of the cave where the huge idol sat and said, "I do not like you." Nothing happened. The stranger thrust out a stubby forefinger and pointed directly at the figure. "I do not like you," he continued with rising voice, "and what's more I call you by your name Kla! Kla!" All but the stranger fled the cave. The idol trembled and fell. The stranger reached down to the floor and picked up a handful of dust. It was all that remained of Kla.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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TACTICS AND THE CLERK

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DURING the last few months I have heard the word "tactics" more often than I had heard it in twenty years before. Until recently, at least, most of the persons with whom I was naturally thrown rather prided themselves upon leaving the word (as well as the thing) to those whose business required them to use it, and if we had a weakness, it was for boasting rather too much and too often our determination to let the chips from our hewing fall where they might. We were "intellectuals" first of all, or if you prefer, as I do, M. Benda's fine old word, we were "clerks" with a function peculiarly our own, and the one luxury we cherished as a compensation for the many luxuries which clerks must forgo was the luxury of speaking our mind without asking whether or not the truth we thought we had discovered was or was not one "meet to be thus set down."

Perhaps we were rather more superior than we ought to have been in our attitude toward those whose professions required them to consider the practical effect of this idea or that fact. Perhaps we had less sympathy than we ought to have had with the priest who was alarmed lest some one of his less mature parishioners might rise from the reading of Westermarck's "Development of Moral Ideas" with the conviction that, all morality being merely a matter of custom, there was no real reason why he should not murder his grandmother in accordance with a long-cherished desire; or even with the politician who, convinced that his party was right in the main, saw it as his obvious duty to suppress a few facts which might prove damaging to his chance of triumphing at the polls and consequently of serving his country as only he could serve it. Thus Secretary Swanson is said to have once remarked: "I always get reelected because I am always right—and because I have a machine which sees to it that righteousness shall prevail."

Perhaps such well-working machines are necessary in the world, but we clerks rather prided ourselves on not being "in the world," and since we were compelled to forgo many of the privileges of those who are, we thought we might claim at least one peculiar to ourselves—the privilege of not asking what was tactically advisable and what was not. For it *was* a privilege, and it did seem to us a very fine thing—this right to disregard everything except the immediate fact or the isolated *aperçu* which we seemed to have got hold of, and to set it down for what it was worth without asking, even, whether or not it happened to point in the general direction we hoped to go.

We felt something of what the scientist feels when he proclaims not only that he is not immediately concerned with the utility of what he has discovered but that he is as anxious to find out what may damage his pet theory as he is to discover a confirming fact. And I suppose that our somewhat similar attitude was based on a somewhat similar—perhaps sentimental—faith in the ultimate value of all truth and every truth, on the unquestioned premise that in the very longest run the best tactic was to disregard tactics, and on the unproved assumption that when everything had been finally added up it would be found that there was no truth not good to know or to make known. Certainly we pitied those writers who somehow found themselves required to follow the "policy" of a newspaper, just as we pitied those clergymen who were almost afraid to keep abreast of the best scholarship in their profession lest they should come across something which might "destroy the faith" of their charges if not of themselves. They seemed to us unfortunate clerks who had given up the one privilege which made it most worth while to be a clerk at all.

And when I speak of the frequency with which I have recently heard the word "tactics" from the lips of my fellow-clerks I am not thinking primarily of those who have definitely and consciously adopted some "party line." Those who have actually done that have of course consciously abandoned the critical and exploratory function. They have proclaimed their belief that they have discovered some body of truth sufficiently complete to make the enforcement of it as a whole so urgent a matter that independence of judgment in details is folly, and they feel, I suppose, that they have the same duty that any other politician has to make the best possible use of a machine for making righteousness prevail. I am speaking, rather, of those who still think of themselves as clerks, who feel in general that there is still some place for the clerk's restless analysis and speculation, but who have, nevertheless, come by imperceptible degrees to a point where they think more often than of anything else of "what the effect will be."

If they are students of social or economic affairs they wonder whether or not this particular fact really ought to be stressed; if they are critics of literature or the drama they wonder if it would not be just as well not to say too much in favor of this work or to give the benefit of the doubt to this other. And I am afraid that, whatever practical good may come of it, the "united front" on the left rather tends to encourage this development. Before its emergence the nine and twenty warring sects could at least be trusted to spend no small amount of their time in discovering the motes as well as the beams in one another's eyes. The new fellowship, on the other hand, makes one and all so tender of so many toes that even a

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left-wing Trotzkyite oppositionist sometimes wonders whether or not, all things considered, it would not be as well—from the standpoint of tactics—to say a good word for the bad novel just published by a slightly right-center Socialist of the Old Guard. In other words it seems to me that there is some tendency to be so concerned lest general righteousness should not prevail that the clerk forgets his first duty, which is to leave tactics to those who have never been able to rise above them.

Nolo episcopari they used to say in the Middle Ages, and there was wisdom in the thought behind the saying. The bishops take care of the visible church and see that its tithes are collected. The clerks look after God or truth. And when the artist carves his decoration over the cathedral door he usually sees to it—as one may observe if he cares to look—that at least one mitered head is among those who are being pitchforked down the mouth of hell. The road thither, I suspect, was paved not only with good intentions but also with something which often goes with them. We call it "tactics" when we are being tactical. At other times we use rather uglier words.

BOOKS

Prologue to "Sergeant Grischa"

EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT IS twenty years since Arnold Zweig first heard of and meditated on the actual events of the case of Sergeant Grischa, and it is ten years since his novel appeared and was received as one of the most moving and intelligent books the war had inspired. In the intervening decade, still goaded by his passion against organized injustice and cruelty, Zweig has occupied himself with constructing outworks to that book. He has now produced two novels to lead up to "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," and he projects a fourth to follow it, the tetralogy to be called "The Great War of the White Peoples."

"Grischa" was so admirable that it is distressing to have to say that its companions are inferior—so much so that one doubts "Grischa" itself and returns to test it. But "Grischa" reread is as fine as we had first thought it. It marches forward in splendid dramatic order, foraging its philosophy as it goes. The two later books, however, are never quite sure of their goal or their organization, and their supplies of ideas are always straggling up from the rear. "Young Woman of 1914" had its moments and its point, but the total effect was merely sentimental. "Education Before Verdun" has a heavier impact, but it is always indecisive and confused.

There are, of course, few such stories as that of Grischa; history only rarely makes a gift of them to the novelist. But it is not merely that the stories of Zweig's later novels are less dramatic and less revealing; the novels in their execution do not have the grasp of reality that "Grischa" has; they seem always to slip from the center of the matter to the periphery. Perhaps we may in part account for this by the events of late years. For when "Grischa" was being written Germany was still a democracy, the values were not all transvaluated, and the German writer still had firm ground under his feet.

In "Young Woman of 1914," the young Jewish novelist, Werner Bertin, abandoned himself almost voluptuously to the unconscious mass life of the army, leaving his mistress Lenore to face the difficulties of the conscious and individual life at home. In "Education Before Verdun," Bertin learns to see the war as it really is, and by the end of the book he is the conscious and rebellious man who is to fight for Sergeant Grischa. The impetus to his education is a miscarriage of justice. (How the "case," the legal tampering with right, obsesses the German Jewish novelists with their memory of the tradition of the Talmud, their frequent training in jurisprudence as a prelude to literature, their childhood recollections of the Beylis and Dreyfus trials!) A young sergeant, an idealistic poet, has complained that his fellow-officers are appropriating the best rations for themselves and depriving their men. He has thus violated the code of caste, and it is not against the peculators but against the protestant that the army takes steps. While he awaits court martial he is transferred to a dangerous position in the hope that he will be killed, and he is killed, but not before he has made an ally of Bertin. That naive and puzzled intellectual, while the Germans are being thrust back from Verdun, tries to clear his young friend's name. He is not entirely alone in this effort, and one of his associates is the young sergeant's brother, who will be content not with justice but with revenge. And so, while men are being killed by thousands, the brother invokes the archaic code of family honor and personal vengeance and Bertin invokes the forgotten code of abstract justice—because in the sergeant's impeachment and death motives could be seen not recognized by the articles of war.

It is a magnificent irony, not unlike the irony of "Grischa," but the novel does not do it justice. It is submerged under the details of battle, in themselves often effective but as often confused. And the education of Bertin is similarly obscured. In the simplest terms of technical construction the novel fails to hold us. One would like to say that over and above this literary failure the novel has so much passionate intention on the side of the angels that it derives strength and interest from this alone. Unfortunately, failures in art betray the angels. One remembers, for instance, that in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" many fine things were said about justice and virtue and that, because they sprang from very real people and events, they were hard and bitter and acceptable. In "Education Before Verdun" the reality of the people and events is blurred, and the ideas and sentiments that spring from them seem merely humanitarian, a little soft, a little mealy, and quite inadequate to the matter.

LIONEL TRILLING

"The Savage Wars of Peace"

THE RAPE OF AFRICA. By Lamar Middleton. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $3.

WHEN Kipling exhorted England to "take up the white man's burden," he pictured the undertaking as a duty, imperious and noble. That the work of spreading civilization among the heathen would have to be carried out by warlike methods he was quite aware. But the wars which would necessarily be involved in the process of bringing light to darkest Africa he called "the savage wars of peace." They were justified by their end. It is the attitude expressed in "The White Man's Burden" that enrages Mr. Middleton as he follows the course of European imperialism in Africa. To him, all the talk which the practitioners of expansion indulged in about bringing to the natives the benefits of civilization in the

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shape of cotton pants and the Christian religion was purest hypocrisy. Mr. Middleton believes it to have been a conscious and deliberate hypocrisy and that makes him wild. As a result "The Rape of Africa" is an angry book, and history, when seen through a screen of anger, is not always seen clearly.

In describing the British occupation of Egypt Mr. Middleton says this: "Any ethical consideration of what right England had at all . . . in Africa was of course irrelevant, and in the middle-class mind at home a thought both disloyal and impertinent." Elsewhere he says the English regarded the process of expansion as a "whimsical adventure." No statements could more thoroughly misinterpret the average nineteenth-century Englishman's attitude toward imperialism. Not only did the English take imperialism with the utmost seriousness, but thoughts concerning the moral justification of expansion, far from being "irrelevant" or "disloyal," were so inextricably mixed with the political and economic motives that in no single instance did the British ever set about acquiring new territory without first conjuring up for themselves a good ethical reason as a point of departure. This is not to say that the ethical was the only, or even the true reason. Clothing the heathen was a Christian duty, but no one forgot that it also made the wheels of Manchester's cotton mills turn. However, Mr. Middleton's statement that the ethical motive was never even considered presents a false picture.

For instance, when the British occupied Afghanistan in 1878 they did it with the practical motive of acquiring for their Indian possessions a defensible frontier against Russia. But the moral justification was not forgotten. As Queen Victoria explained in her immortal italics, "It is *not* for aggrandizement, but to *prevent war* and bloodshed that we *must* do this. The Ameer *cannot* manage his own people." Or again, when England embarked on the reconquest of the Sudan in 1896, it was to prevent the French from getting there first, which would have put an end forever to the British dream of securing an unbroken path of territory from the Cape to Cairo. But the reconquest was not urged so much on those grounds as on the grounds of avenging the death of Gordon at Khartum and, in the words of Lord Cromer, of "the solemn and responsible duty of introducing the light of Western civilization amongst the sorely tried people of the Sudan." As these examples show, British imperialism was a sort of boomerang. It went out as duty and came back as profit.

It is by no means my purpose to try to prove that the Englishman was invariably convinced by the moral excuses he created to justify his imperial urge. The profit motive came first and the moral motive was but an accessory after the fact. But it was nevertheless a very necessary adjunct to any imperialist venture and cannot be called "irrelevant." "Listen to me," says Bernard Shaw in his play "The Man of Destiny." "I will explain the English to you. Every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his head, no one knows how, the burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have the thing he wants . . . He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude . . . There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find an Englishman doing it, but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong."

It is not of course altogether fair to Mr. Middleton to ask that he should have made more of a study of British political psychology before presenting his case, for his book is admittedly a study of the how rather than of the why of imperialism, and furthermore it is as much a history of French, German, Belgian, and Italian imperialism as of British. Their story Mr. Middleton tells with gusto and with much fascinating detail concerning the diplomatic intrigues that agitated the chancelleries of Europe while the rivalry for African possessions was at its most intense. He does not attempt to discuss the economic causes of European expansion but limits himself to a description of the methods through which that expansion was achieved. There are passages in which one deplores the rather heavily sarcastic tone that the author's righteous indignation leads him to adopt, but there are other passages of fine, dramatic narrative which make up for that fault. Among the latter is the story of the British and French race to Fashoda on the upper Nile, from which point both hoped to control the Sudan. The incident was a crucial one in the history of nineteenth-century African campaigns, and Mr. Middleton makes vivid reading of it, as he does also of the Battle of Adowa, in which the Abyssinians utterly routed the Italians forty years ago. Bringing his history to an end with a chapter on the present Ethiopian war, Mr. Middleton concludes that European rivalries on the Dark Continent are as pregnant of war in Europe today as ever they were before 1914.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

The Spirit Killeth

SPARKENBROKE. By Charles Morgan. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

MR. MORGAN'S new book, like the two preceding it, represents the effort to transcend experience, and thereby grasp its oneness and reality, through the mode of Christian Platonism. The vocation of life is to transcend it through love and death, and the best life to transcend is found in the medium of art or contemplation.

In each book the leading character is shown in the struggle to realize that vocation. Adultery and both spiritual dying and physical death are the agents of realization. In "The Fountain" the husband of the adulteress is shown as actually transcending experience by literally dying twice. In "Sparkenbroke" the adultery is itself transcendent, and death is almost the medium as well as the crown of experience. Piers Tenniel, Lord Sparkenbroke, a great poet, begins life as a small boy by spiritually dying in the tomb of his ancestors, an experience which consecrates him to the pursuit of perfection in art and absolutism in love. Perfection in art he achieves; but his equal need of absolute love is never satisfied. Woman after woman fails him. Although he is a saint in his work it is at the expense of being a blackguard in life. This novel records his final attempt to find through the body of his friend's wife the sanction of death in love or of love in death. The consummation, or the adultery, never occurs, and at the moment of his last failure he dies—his aspiration enacted in death.

Mr. Morgan's work is thus meant to buttress a view of the spiritual life based, as I think, upon conflicting insights and therefore ending, however vital the process, in a barren conceptualism. Here, however, not the views but their dramatization in a novel is the question. The theme is legitimate and has major implications. Moreover, the structural form of the narrative is adequate. But on the representational plane Mr. Morgan is hardly successful, and we may mention two respects in which he has come short of his own purpose.

Mr. Morgan tells us that Lord Sparkenbroke was a great poet, and his greatness, since it is that quality in him in its different forms which affects other people most, is integral to the effect of the book. The conventional statement of great

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beauty in a woman is perhaps enough for conviction; but no amount of statement alone convinces the reader of poetic greatness. Yet Mr. Morgan would have done better to stick to the platitude of the simplest statement; for what he did was worse—he quotes the poems and summarizes a novel—because he merely extends the platitude. His examples merely weaken the magnitude he meant to strengthen.

Secondly, and this is one reason why Sparkenbroke's greatness could not have been represented, there is no normal sensibility anywhere so centered in the book as to grasp and incorporate the experience presented. Greatness is abnormal and, as a subject for art, so too are the phenomena of mystic experience; and to represent either requires the intervention of a normal sensibility formed by and concentrated upon the experience. Here there is only the reader, who, since he is not forced to see specifically, in effect sees nothing but what he brings with him.

The explanation, if it is one, lies in the inability of art to transcend experience. It can stretch but it can never transcend. The spirit of transcendence kills the experience by passing beyond it. What survives in a book of words will be in the letter from which the spirit sprang. The letter fills "Sparkenbroke" with observation, image, and fragmentary insight; but the spirit, whether of intention or of prose style, prevents it from being a novel.

R. P. BLACKMUR

Museum Pieces

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MISCELLANY. Edited by Louis Kronenberger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

ONE of Mr. Kronenberger's most characteristic merits as a critic has been his disenchanted self-reliance in the matter of passing judgment on his contemporaries. His introduction to the present volume of eighteenth-century pieces proves him no less irreverent even though it finds him less consistently persuasive. The title-page promises a selection from "the classics of the eighteenth century which typify and reveal an era," but Mr. Kronenberger's concern has been at least twofold: he has endeavored to furnish the layman with "the key to an age" and to lay the ghost of that age's "dulness."

For Mr. Kronenberger the entire century is "in some respects . . . the greatest of all museums," and its great personalities are museum pieces; he is consequently disposed at times to make use of the license and showmanship of the barker. In the light of his editorial intentions, there is something to be said for the informal vein of his Introduction. There is criticism as well as laughter in his remark that for Lord Chesterfield the "meat of life seemed so worthless . . . that he concentrated untiringly on the sauce," that "nothing less than marble, one feels, will do for Gibbon describing his gout," that, as a whole, the men of the eighteenth century were so frightened of artistic excess that "without knowing it they sometimes cultivated privation" and went about emotionally "in clothes a size too small for them." Yet Mr. Kronenberger is also of the mind—how seriously it is difficult to judge—that "in the eighteenth century (except the very numerous poor) almost everybody was a glutton and (including the very numerous poor) a drunkard and a lecher." Nor is he beneath referring to that age's writers as "the eternal foes of the dada, the ha ha, the blah-blah of the human race."

It is hardly likely that the absence of a scholarly method in the present volume proceeds from any easy contempt for scholarship in its proper domain. Certainly Mr. Kronenberger

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himself cannot have minimized the difficulty of telescoping one hundred years of literary history into nine names and as many selections brief enough to be printed in their entirety. It is perhaps sufficient defense to submit that the intent of the present anthology is directly away from any formal appraisal of the material included. Yet the question forcibly obtrudes itself whether such an intention is either gainful or practicable in dealing with an era as various as the eighteenth century. One would like, for example, to know *why* Mr. Kronenberger has reconstructed the century out of nine such blocks as Swift's "Drapier's Letters," Pope's "Dunciad," Gay's "Beggar's Opera," Chesterfield's "Letters," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," Walpole's "Otranto," Sheridan's "School for Scandal," Gibbon's "Memoirs," and Blake's "Songs of Innocence and Experience." We should wish to be tangibly reassured that Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Fielding, Dr. Johnson, and the unavoidable "Lyrical Ballads" deserve to yield place to any of the above-mentioned names, and upon what score. And we should even contend that the citation of important dates—the volume prints none at all—would have proved definitely helpful.

In each of these matters the scholar would have satisfied us, even as he would have surfeited us. Ordinarily it should serve in the nature of a recommendation to point out that Mr. Kronenberger's anthology is personal rather than representative. In the present case it must indicate a deficiency as well.

BEN BELITT

German Imperialism

DEUTSCHLAND UND DIE VEREINIGTEN STAATEN IN DER WELTPOLITIK. By Alfred Vagts. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $16.

THESE two volumes of 2,030 closely printed pages will repay careful reading. In relating the detailed story of the relations between the United States and Germany in the years from 1890 to 1906, the author has succeeded, by his astonishing command of the whole published and unpublished source material of that time, in presenting a comprehensive picture and a penetrating analysis of the political and economic forces of the period of imperialism. He has given much more than a diplomatic history. The official notes and private letters of diplomats do not always reveal the real forces in history; there is much more *in mundo* than there is *in actis*. Mr. Vagts digs deep. He breaks through the usual separation of foreign and home policies and establishes the causal connection between specific economic interests and popular or "scholarly" sentiments, both of which find their expression in the most bitter of cutthroat competitions—the imperialist competition between isolated states, recognizing no fraternal solidarity and no moral obligation.

Besides its general interest as an invaluable mine of information for the elucidation of the background and workings of imperialism, the book deserves special attention for its characterization of German diplomacy before the World War. In Germany foreign policy remained the exclusive domain of the feudal aristocracy, with its conceit, its antiquated notions of honor and social rank, its scorn for democracy, and its natural inclination toward everything conservative. German policy was in no way more imperialistic than the policy of any other great power in that period, but it was decidedly less intelligent. It suffered, as did the Russian, from its own traditions and from the inevitable shortcomings of autocracy. The Western powers should be thankful to the Germans, who helped them indirectly in the way which John Stuart Mill explained when he said that "the greatest advantage from the presence of extremists is that any cause short of the extreme gains the charm of moderation."

In a talk which the German Emperor had in 1906 with the United States Minister in Copenhagen, the Emperor remarked "in a half-pleasant way" that with the continuing growth of German population the time would come in about twenty years "to say to France that Germany was overcrowded, that France had a considerable domain not being properly developed or utilized, and would it especially discommode them to move inward a reasonable distance."

The imperialism of Germany and the imperialism of the Western powers were equally dangerous for peace and had the same disregard for the rights of weaker peoples. There are many similarities, which Mr. Vagts points out, between William II and Theodore Roosevelt. But there was a fundamental difference in the representation of the two different kinds of imperialism, the feudal imperialism of Germany—and of Russia—and the bourgeois imperialism of the Western democracies. Mr. Vagt's study is extremely revealing on this point. Under Stresemann Germany reached the most successful stage in the "Westernization" of its diplomacy. Under Hitler conservative Germany seems to have come again into full power. Again Germany presents itself to Europe as the guardian and bulwark against the disruptive influences and the threat of bolshevism. But Hitler was more fortunate than William II. He could exterminate the Socialists in Germany. And it may be that with the growing population of Germany he too thinks that there are some countries—this time he does not look toward France, but eastward—with a considerable domain not being properly developed or utilized.

Mr. Vagts is a German who is now living in the United States. His book is written with a remarkable objectivity and impartiality. It is the scholarly work of a historian and a political scientist. But it is deeply rooted in life and it will be found of great interest and usefulness to anybody who desires a competent guide in the complex political and social problems of world politics.

HANS KOHN

What Galsworthy Was Like

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY. By H. V. Marrot. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

SAMUEL BUTLER once proposed an admirable if difficult aim for the ideal critic of life and literature—that of getting to see everything first as in itself it really is and then in its relation to everything else. Mr. Marrot, the bibliographer and constant admirer of Galsworthy, has brought together in this lengthy and richly illustrated volume ample materials for the use of such a critic. In the main, he allows his subject to speak for himself, and although the book is somewhat cluttered with trivial and unessential details, the patient reader will find in it a very complete picture of Galsworthy. A great body of heretofore unpublished correspondence throws into clearer light the underlying substance of his character and his writing.

Mr. Marrot has included documents which a more squeamish hero-worshiper might have suppressed, but one notable thing this almost definitive biography reveals is the extent, and sometimes the sentimentality, of Galsworthy's humanitarian interests, his eagerness to aid in practical reforms, from the abolition of solitary confinement of prisoners to the "humane" treatment of horses during the war. And an interesting corol-

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lary is the tenacity with which he held himself aloof from parties and avoided propaganda in its narrower sense in all his serious literary work. Perhaps the key to Galsworthy's philosophy of balance, harmony, and proportion is to be found in the conflict between individualist and socialist in his nature.

Again and again his replies to those who would pigeon-hole him indicate his resolve to maintain the intellectual independence of the artist. In 1912 he wrote to one correspondent:

> . . . the real search for truth (at all events to those who follow the arts) consists in the searching of one's own spirit in contact with actual experience and feeling, and phenomena observed; . . . there is no such thing as absolute truth, and . . . arguments or syllogisms are mainly futile for the discovery of that relative harmony, or proportion of things, in which such truth as we may discern consists.

Galsworthy felt that the novel which was frankly propagandist had the least real influence.

> The novel is the most pliant and far-reaching medium of communication between minds—that is, it *can* be—just because it does not preach, but supplies pictures and evidence from which each reader may take that food which best suits his growth.

In 1919 he declined an invitation to join an idealistic group of French writers.

> I would draw your attention to the fact that the great influence which creative writers undoubtedly wield rests on two main factors: first, their untrammeled creative power and the human attraction inherent in it; secondly, the faith which the public . . . has in their independence . . . the writer who has real creative power and real subtle influence . . . is naturally lonely; he works more freely, and with greater force, in conditions of spiritual solitude than in an environment of joined hands.

It may seem strange at first glance that a writer thus wedded to individualism should have been so limited in his appreciation of "happy extravagance" and so devoted to humane causes. But the inconsistency disappears with a larger understanding of the temperament of the man, a temperament which demands a difficult balance between highly sensitive analytical qualities and natural restraint on the one side, and strong emotional sympathies on the other. It is significant that his severest critics have found him either coldly logical or sentimental. A too finely balanced sense of proportion, a too careful weighing of moral, social, and individual values, is irritating to some sensitive minds as well as to men of action. These will never appreciate the apparently stoic sympathies of Galsworthy, whose real faith was the artist's "will toward perfection." "And wherever Beauty and Proportion guide us, the whole of human society benefits; moving ever further away from the quagmires into which Greed and Violence lead."

LESLIE A. MARCHAND

Oracle of Jacksonian Democracy

ROGER B. TANEY. By Carl Brent Swisher. The Macmillan Company. $5.

ROGER B. TANEY: JACKSONIAN JURIST. By Charles W. Smith, Jr. University of North Carolina Press. $3.

ROGER BROOKE TANEY'S name is associated in American history with two momentous events which marked the climaxes of sectional and class conflict. It was Taney who as Secretary of the Treasury in Jackson's Cabinet took the final step in the war against the United States Bank and removed the government deposits. Elevated to the chief justiceship of the United States Supreme Court upon the death of Marshall in order to carry the principles of Jacksonian

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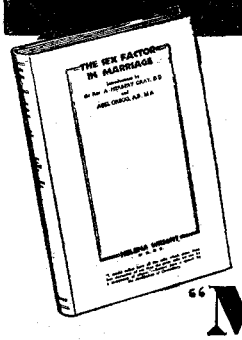

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democracy into the citadel from which it had hitherto been excluded by the judicial Cerberus of the Federalists, it was Taney again who made the fateful Dred Scott decision, denying to Congress the power to exclude slavery from the territories.

In the words of Charles Sumner, the name of the author of the Dred Scott decision was long "hooted down the pages of history." The butt of the Whig historians, he has been regularly represented as the "pliant tool" of Jackson in his war against the bank. While this verdict has remained substantially undisturbed, his work as Chief Justice has come to be better appreciated. Indeed, he has emerged as an architect of the judicial power second only to Marshall. Now comes Dr. Smith to proclaim Taney as the "political theorist of Jacksonian democracy," while Dr. Swisher explodes pretty thoroughly the myth. History, it seems, is far from a closed page.

Dr. Swisher in his solid and impressive work, which must be the result of long and painstaking research, demonstrates the independent role of Taney in the battle against Biddle and his cohorts. He shows that Jackson's mind was long undecided on the issue of the bank, and that Taney played no little part in influencing him against the renewal of the bank's charter. Taney was not merely courting favor and preferment; his hatred of the bank proceeded from sources even deeper than Jackson's, for as a member of the planter aristocracy he had an abiding distrust of the Northern capitalists and the monied interests, and he had had vivid experiences with the practices of the bank in his own state of Maryland. It is part of the myth that McLane, Jackson's first Secretary of the Treasury, was removed by him for his refusal to remove the government deposits from the bank, and that thereupon Taney was appointed to the vacant place to do Jackson's bidding. But actually McLane had been appointed to the Supreme Court the previous year while his influence with Jackson was so high that he was able to name his own successor. It was the latter whom Taney replaced to carry into effect a policy which he had been first in the Cabinet to champion.

The rehabilitation of Taney as a judge has been accomplished by his admirers by waiving his one fatal "error," and then by looking at the totality of his work, particularly in contrast with the era of Marshall's hegemony. The mission of Taney is perceived to have been the restoration of the rights of the states, with a consequent strengthening of a tendency toward progressivism and democracy. This reversal Taney is supposed to have brought about by forging the conception of the "police power" which plays such a tremendous role in modern constitutional law as a magic formula to save from the limitless reach of the due-process clause legislation in promotion of public health, safety, and morals.

Dr. Swisher, who has the great merit of looking beyond constitutional formulas to social realities, is suspicious of this neat scheme of contrasts and prefers to stress the purely negative character of Marshall's judicial nationalism. Since in his own time federal regulation was virtually non-existent, Marshall did not so much build the national power as protect property interests. Equally anachronistic is the view of Taney as the creator of the police power. Taney did somewhat vaguely refer to a power of police in the states. But to him, as a Southerner, it was simply an aspect of the reserved powers of the states which inhered in their sovereignty. It was not a counter-foil to an interpretation of the due-process clause yet to be born.

As for Taney's democratizing role, it seems highly curious that it should have been played by the judicial exponent of the system of slavery. He did, to be sure, exhibit progressive tendencies in upholding states' rights, but the dominant motivation

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was the necessity for upholding the states in dealing with the problem of slavery. At that Taney did not always support the claims of state democracy, as when he invalidated state statutes which would seriously have impaired the security of mortgages of land. Here the planter in him rebelled. On the other hand, when Congress was protecting slavery, he was ready to uphold its powers to the limit, as is shown by his opinion in the Booth case involving an attempt by Wisconsin to nullify the Fugitive Slave law.

Dr. Smith has unfortunately fallen into the pitfall which Dr. Swisher has avoided: his book is not a life of Taney but a study of his political theory. Having proclaimed him the political theorist of Jacksonian democracy, Dr. Smith has attempted to work Taney into a coherent system, a process which is particularly dangerous in the case of a lawyer who as advocate must often express opinions which he disbelieves.

The abiding interest in Taney represented by the two volumes under review may seem surprising in view of the fact that the two greatest issues of his career seem to be dead. In reality, however, they have simply entered new phases. The United States Bank is no more, but finance capitalism is still triumphant. Slavery is abolished, but wage slavery still remains to be conquered. Above all, the doctrine of judicial review still flourishes to the exasperation of our generation. That it survived the Dred Scott decision which precipitated a Civil War is perhaps the most remarkable fact of American history.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

FILMS

Second Comings

I HAVE been taken to task for a remark in this column two weeks ago concerning the dulness of the future, Mr. Wells's or any other, as a subject for the imagination. "The future," says one letter, "is what moves. Can you live without moving?" I can't, and that is why I made the remark. The future does not move for me, or at any rate it does not keep moving beyond the point where my vision—which may be abnormal—comes naturally to rest. In the midst of so much time and space my imagination is paralyzed, for the same reason I suppose that to any human eye the universe of stars, furiously though these stars are said to be headed across the heavens, is stationary. I can imagine a number of changes for the better in man's life on earth—changes which have a meaning in man's present predicament—but of course that would be only a beginning. What then? And then? And then? The present is all that we can know, and by the same token it is all that we can imagine. And it is if anything too moving.

Two films since "Things to Come" have made me philosophical once more. I am sorry for this, and hope to be literary again at least by Decoration Day. The films are "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (Music Hall) and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse). Perhaps I cannot be blamed for being philosophical about them, since that is what they are trying to be; the first with more success in my opinion than the second, but neither one of them with anything like the success of Plato's "Phaedo," the four Gospels, or "Don Quixote." Socrates, Jesus, and Don Quixote came into the world to save it, and their distinction is that they failed; or rather the distinction of their creators is that none of them

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tried to write a success story. The notion that the world needs changing is best served by the story of how it could not be changed. Any story of how the ideal became the actual is not only incredible, it is unimaginable—like that future of Mr. Wells's which is going to be different from the present. The failure of Don Quixote is one of the greatest things a man ever thought; and the success of Mr. Third Floor Back is one of the smallest. He changes everybody in the boarding-house where he lives. And then? The mind stops; whereas it has been going on with Don Quixote for three centuries, and so far as I know can go on forever. We can never forget what the Don wanted, for we want it ourselves; but we shall not remember what the Stranger got, since what he got was necessarily unbelievable, or if believable trivial, like the messages which mediums bring from the spirit world. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" grew unreal as it grew explicit, and it grew so explicit that Conrad Veidt as the Stranger seemed nothing better than an amiable old magician as he faded through the front door. His light went out because it failed to fail.

Mr. Deeds is something different and better. As Robert Riskin conceived him, as Frank Capra directed him, and as Gary Cooper very admirably acted him, he becomes indeed one of the most interesting figures ever thrown on the screen. Truly an innocent, truly a virtuous and rational young man, he is so empty of spiritual pride as in the end, when it has been made clear to him that the world is corrupt and crazy, to desire nothing save silence even in the court where his sanity is being tried. The weakness of the film is not that he rises at last in defense of himself, but that his defense succeeds—the implication being that New York henceforth will honor such men, whereas we know of course that it will do nothing of the sort as long as it consists of people like ourselves. The perfect irony would have been for Mr. Deeds's completely brilliant and convincing argument to fail of its practical purpose. Yet perfect irony happens in literature only about once in a thousand years, so with a bow to it we can go on to say that "Mr. Deeds" is really a very intelligent and beautiful affair, a film no less charming than Mr. Capra's "It Happened One Night" at the same time that it is definitely more profound. The idea which fills it almost to the limit is an idea of eternal importance, and it has been translated with great skill into the concrete language of art—nowhere more so, as I have suggested, than at those moments when Gary Cooper as Mr. Deeds grows modest about his virtue and all but ashamed of it. He is never quite ashamed. It is rather that he cannot understand why other people do not have the virtue too. To him his wisdom is not wisdom; it is a minimum of horse sense, it is merely the starting-point for an inquiry. This is what throws the wisdom of the world into its proper relief; and what makes the film on the whole both so interesting and so plausible.

I should leave Mr. Wells alone, but I remember having said that the actors in his film did not know how to pretend that they believed its lines, and I am particularly pleased with the commentary on this which is furnished by another British film. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who managed to be totally lifeless as the sculptor in "Things to Come," is so good as David Garrick in "Peg of Old Drury" (Bijou) that his performances as Shylock, Richard III, and Abel Drugger become in their turn convincing. It is an excellent costume piece and a delightful story in spite of the violence it does to history. For Peg Woffington (Anna Neagle) lived no such life as this; she had many lovers besides Garrick, and she lived quietly in Teddington after her retirement from the stage—instead of dying in Garrick's arms at the end of a plucky performance as Rosalind.

MARK VAN DOREN

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The Intelligent Traveler

BY JOHN ROTHSCHILD

COLLEGE AND PREPARATORY SCHOOL STUDENTS

WHAT is known generically as the Cook's Tour used to be the fate of American innocents abroad. Prosperous hardware merchants and their wives, school teachers, young ladies finishing their education did the museums by the linear foot and gaped at the monuments from sightseeing buses. For young people, at least, the standard has improved. Each year more college students and preparatory-school boys and girls go traveling in well-planned and chaperoned groups. These are not Cook tourists.

It is generally recognized that, to be educational, trips for young people must afford contact with persons in the country visited. Most of the plans call for meetings with European students on their own ground, that is, in their youth hostels, on hiking and cycling expeditions, and sometimes in their homes as guests. A good deal of painless language study is a by-product of such travel. Costs are astonishingly low, for the young can adapt themselves to ordinary European living conditions and actually like to do so. Addresses of the organizations managing the following tours, unless otherwise noted, are New York City.

A novel scheme involves travel in a specially equipped box-car in which the travelers live and do their own cooking and bed-making. French students will act as guides for the month of "Le Wagon Camping" in France, after which the group will visit Germany and Holland. Girls may go and will have their own box-car. The trip costs $285 for two months, third class throughout. Address *The Students' International Travel Association, 139 West 103d Street.*

A tour of France by privately chartered motor bus is planned by the National Student Federation of America in conjunction with the French National Union of Students, which will act as host. A week in Paris is included. An American faculty leader will be in charge of the group. The cost for six weeks is $294, third class throughout. Address *The National Student Federation of America, 8 West Fortieth Street.*

A European tour featuring ten days at the American People's College at Oetz in the Austrian Tyrol is announced under the leadership of Mrs. Fred C. Armstrong of St. Louis. Arrangements may be made for Middle Western young people to travel to New York with her. The itinerary includes Paris, Geneva, Oetz, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, Denmark, and England. The two months' trip costs $397, third class throughout. Address *Pocono Study Tours, 545 Fifth Avenue.*

Faltboating down German and Austrian rivers with a skilled German faltboater and his wife is for enthusiasts of the sport. The gliding competition of the Olympic Games will be encountered at one point. The two months' trip costs $348, third class throughout, for students under nineteen. Address *The Students' International Travel Association.*

A trip announced as a Bicycle Tour of Europe includes France, Germany, Sweden, Belgium, Austria, and Denmark, but the greater part of the time is spent cycling in Germany, with brief visits in capitals of the other countries. Mrs. Helen C. Dengler and Ben Gottschalk will be leaders, and student guides in the countries visited will join the group. The two months' trip costs $289, third class throughout, for those under nineteen. A similar trip through England and France will be led by John C. Dengler, Jr., and Ernest Watson, an Oxford student. The two months' trip costs $358, third class throughout. Address *The Students' International Travel Association.*

The Fifth Experiment in International Living is a well-established enterprise which gives the young traveler a month in a foreign home with another boy or girl of equal age. Language study is stressed; applicants are expected to have some linguistic accomplishment before they set out. Cycling or hiking trips with foreign friends take the place of wider travel in the latter half of the sojourn. Groups are being organized for Germany and Austria, for France, and for England. There will be three weeks at Geneva devoted to study of international relations; the French and English plans make room for this period if desired. The rate for all groups for young people under nineteen is $450 for a two months' trip. Accommodations are third class throughout. For the German trips it has been deemed inadvisable to accept Jewish applicants. In the other groups the Experiment for International Living accepts a quota of Jewish children. Address *Donald B. Watt, 817 Comstock Avenue, Syracuse, New York.*

A. M. Black, head of the Social Science Department at the McBurney School for Boys in New York, will take a group of boys through Europe—England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Paris, and Geneva. Special arrangements with student organizations abroad provide for contact with European life. The seven weeks' trip is $440, third class throughout. Address *The Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street.*

A motor trip through six European countries is this year's plan for the Barry Boys' Tour, conducted by Arthur J. Barry. Twelve boys between fourteen and eighteen will make the trip through Holland, Belgium, Duchy of Luxemburg, France, Switzerland, and Italy. The nine weeks' trip costs $575, cabin class on the ocean. Address *Arthur J. Barry, Yale University Club, 50 Vanderbilt Avenue.*

Camp Sorland, an international camp for boys at Lillesand, Norway, will take twenty-four American boys for six weeks of all the usual sports, plus a great deal of sailing and craft work, in company with twenty-four European boys. There will be several American counselors at the camp. The boys will have glimpses of several European cities en route and a few days in Berlin and Paris. The cost is $400 for the ten weeks' trip, third class on the ocean, third class rail and good hotels in Europe. Address *Marion M. Brooke, 146 East Seventeenth Street, Atlanta, Georgia.*

The Youth Hostels of Europe—a chain of simple inns for young hikers and cyclists extending over eighteen countries—is now open to Americans through the organization of the American Youth Hostels, founded last year by Isabel and Monroe Smith. This year there will be several American groups of about ten young people each which will visit some European country, staying in youth hostels. The trips are of six weeks' duration, and one can choose to see Germany and Poland, France, the Alps, the British Isles, Scan-

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dinavia, or to go canoeing on German and Austrian rivers. In each group young people of the country will participate as guides and hosts. The cost for any one of the trips is $290, third class throughout. Address *Isabel and Monroe Smith, Northfield, Massachusetts.*

A bicycle trip through England for girls between the ages of sixteen and nineteen is planned to provide a leisurely approach to English life. The American leader is Mrs. Leo Herz; an English guide, appointed by the British National Union of Students, will also accompany the group. The two months' trip costs $425 for girls under nineteen, third class throughout. Address *Mrs. Leo Herz, 93 Glenwood Avenue, New Rochelle, New York.*

The International Friendship League sponsors a two months' European trip for girls. Features are ten days spent as a guest in an English home and friendly contacts with young people in every country. The itinerary includes Ireland, Scotland, England, Denmark, Germany, and Paris. Before embarking on the homeward voyage the girls will meet a group of English girls coming to the United States for a similar program of hospitality, and will sail with them. The cost of the trip is $645, tourist class on the ocean, second class rail and good hotels in Europe. Address *The International Friendship League, 41 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

A group of American students under the leadership of Joseph Cadden, secretary of the National Student Federation of America, will visit Europe and the Soviet Union this summer and attend two important international student congresses, one in Sweden, the other in Geneva. They will compare the cooperative movement of Scandinavia, fascism in Germany, and communism in Russia. The two months' trip costs $562, third class throughout. Address *The National Student Federation of America.*

The Fellowship Summer Travel School is arranging to take twenty boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen for travel in France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and England. Three weeks are spent in Swiss villages—one of them in an international camp at Plans sur Bex, with young people of five countries. Miss Truda T. Weil and Mrs. Joseph H. Kohan will accompany the group, which will also be attended by a physician. The cost for the two months' trip is $695, tourist class on the ocean. Address *Miss Truda T. Weil, 220 East Tremont Avenue, New York; Mrs. Joseph H. Kohan, 368 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.*

Parents who want to be abroad this summer and don't like to have an ocean between themselves and the youngest members of the family may be interested in the American Children's School in the Tyrol at Oetz, Austria. The school is for children from two to twelve. The curriculum of science, social science, fine arts, dance, dramatics, and language utilizes the environment. Expenses by the week are $25 for one child and $40 for two. The rate for the full session, June 12 to September 15, is $250 for one child and $450 for two. Address *Miss Edith Little, 67 Stevenson Place.*

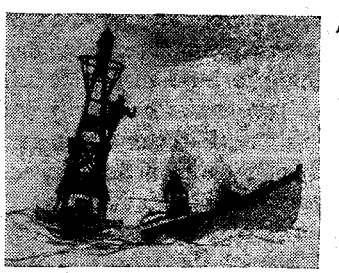
Dr. Sven V. Knudsen has been taking young people abroad for many years, sharing his enthusiasm for his native Denmark as well as his knowledge of all Europe. This year the boys in the party will spend ten days as house guests in English-speaking families in Copenhagen. They will attend the Olympic Games, and visit in Germany, Paris, Switzerland, and London. The two months' trip costs $540, third class on the ocean, third class rail and good hotels in Europe. Address *Dr. Sven V. Knudsen, 248 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

"Guests in Europe" is a travel plan for students, carried out under the auspices of the National Student Federation of America and the International Study and Hospitality Association of Geneva. The European sponsors arrange for informal, friendly encounters with students and other Europeans. In parties of ten or twelve, each accompanied by an American faculty member, the "Guests" have a wide choice of what to see in Europe. A typical six and a half weeks' trip includes travel in England, France, Switzerland, Italy, and six days at Salzburg; this itinerary costs $498, third class throughout. Address *The Open Road.*

The National Student Federation of America sponsors a German trip which it announces to be "frankly a tour of political and social inquiry." An American faculty member familiar with pre-Hitler Germany will be appointed as leader. Student guides will accompany the group in Germany. The six weeks' trip costs $298, third class throughout. An extension of five days at Lucerne, Salzburg, or Oberammergau brings the total cost up to $349. Various other European extensions are offered, with student cooperation and guidance in each country. Address *The National Student Federation of America.*

The American Student Union announces a trip to "Inside Europe," under the leadership of Joseph P. Lash and James Wechsler. Contact will be made with the British labor movement, the People's Front in France, the Belgium Social Democracy, and underground political centers in Prague. Five days will be spent at the International Socialist Student Congress at Oxford. This nine weeks' trip includes Belgium, France, England, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Soviet Russia, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia. The cost, third class throughout, is $450. Address *The American Student Union, 112 East Nineteenth Street.*

The Y. M. C. A. expects to send twenty parties of young people abroad this summer. American leaders are for the most part Y. M. C. A. workers, pastors, or graduate students. Contacts with young people in Europe are arranged through the Y. M. C. A.'s abroad. All but one or two of the groups will attend the Olympic Games. Costs vary with the type of accommodation and length of the trip; a typical rate is $390 for a six weeks' trip, third class throughout. Address *J. C. Clark, World "Y" Tours, 347 Madison Avenue.*



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Letters to the Editors

"JIM CURLEY AND HIS GANG"

Dear Sirs: I started out on Saturday, April 25, to buy in Boston a copy of *The Nation* for April 29, which contained the article on Governor Curley, and the results were so surprising that I thought you would like to hear about it.

My first stop was Flashman's in Scollay Square, which carries practically all magazines. The man grinned when I asked him for a *Nation* and then said "all sold out." I got the same answer at four stores on Cambridge Street which usually carry *The Nation*. One of them is run by a friend of mine who used to run a little grocery store on Beacon Hill until he found that being a number-pool agent was more profitable.

"The boys have been around buying them up. I don't think I'll have any more in," was his answer, also accompanied by the knowing smile.

By this time I could see what was up, so I made an excursion to the Back Bay and to one store in the South End. The same answer—sold out and we don't expect any more in. I found only one man who was going to have more. He said he only had two copies ordinarily and sometimes didn't sell them, but a man came in and bought both on Saturday and so he had ordered more for Monday.

The sum total of this seems to be that "the boys" bought them up and suggested that no one should reorder because maybe Jim wouldn't like the public to see the article. A. H.

Boston, April 27

SECRETARY PERKINS

Dear Sirs: That a periodical like *The Nation* would print an article of the kind that appeared in the issue for March 11 about the Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, is surprising. The tone of the article, the cartoon which illustrates it, and the implication it conveys are extremely unfair and unwarranted.

Miss Perkins is one of the outstanding women in the country. She will always fight for what she believes is right. It is inevitable that any public official who administers an office such as hers courageously and vigorously should meet with opposition. Everyone in public life must expect criticism. And everyone should welcome it, provided it is frank, intelligent, and fair. The article in question, however, does not rise to the level of criticism.

ETHEL M. JOHNSON

Washington, April 20

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Dear Sirs: Your readers must include many who have taken courses with William Ellery Leonard at the University of Wisconsin, have received an occasional letter from him, or have known him in some other way. May I, through the courtesy of your correspondence section, appeal to such persons to communicate with me at 7 Park Avenue, New York City? I am preparing an authorized biography of Mr. Leonard, and am most anxious to secure all available material.

CLARA LEISER

New York, April 5

CORRECTION

Dear Sirs: You improved many of my sentences marvelously in my piece on Governor Curley in your issue of April 29. But in the process you caused me to say, with reference to the distribution of job tickets in the Chelsea municipal campaign, that they were given out from "Curley's campaign headquarters." This was not the case. Curley, as governor, had no occasion for campaign headquarters in the municipal elections. My manuscript said "his" campaign headquarters and the pronoun referred, not to Curley, but to the Curley candidate for mayor of Chelsea, as the context would show. This distinction means something in Boston however hair-splitting it may sound in New York, so I hope you will bear with my New England fussiness to keep the record straight.

LOUIS M. LYONS

Boston, April 25

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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RICHARD L. NEUBERGER is coauthor with Kelley Loe of "An Army of the Aged," an analysis of the political and social implications of the Townsend movement, to be issued soon by Caxton's.

HERBERT KLINE, the editor of the *New Theater*, has lately returned from Hollywood. He is the author of a play, "John Henry," which has been produced several times outside New York.

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LESLIE A. MARCHAND has lately returned from London, where he spent six months working on a doctor's dissertation in the field of Victorian literature. He has been editor of a monthly book column in the magazine *MS* and a member of the English staff of the Extension Department of Columbia University.

JOSE CLEMENTES OROZCO is one of Mexico's best-known painters. He has done a number of murals in this country, notably in New York and at Dartmouth College.

A. BIRNBAUM draws for *Stage*, the *New Yorker*, and *Harper's Bazaar*.

DON FREEMAN spent a night in the New Jersey Assembly Chamber to get his picture of the relief groups sleeping there. There was, he reports, as much waking as sleeping—many of the more energetic protestants spent the night in conversation or singing.

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